

**THE WEEKLY VALLEY HERALD**  
—rates of Advertising—

space	1 w.	2 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 year
1 inch	\$7.50	12.50	20.00	40.00	60.00	100.00
2 inch	12.50	20.00	32.50	60.00	90.00	140.00
3 inch	17.50	27.50	42.50	80.00	120.00	190.00
4 inch	22.50	32.50	52.50	100.00	150.00	240.00
5 inch	27.50	37.50	62.50	120.00	180.00	290.00
6 inch	32.50	42.50	72.50	140.00	210.00	340.00
7 inch	37.50	47.50	82.50	160.00	240.00	390.00
8 inch	42.50	52.50	92.50	180.00	270.00	440.00
9 inch	47.50	57.50	102.50	200.00	300.00	490.00
10 inch	52.50	62.50	112.50	220.00	330.00	540.00

Legal advertisements, 75 cents per folio, insertion, and 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Payment required on delivery of ad.  
Folio is 250 ems solid matter.  
Insertions 10 cents per line for one insertion.  
Transient advertisements payable in advance.

**NEW BUSINESS CARDS**

**Hardware,  
STOVES &  
Tin-Ware.**

**MEUWISSEN & WIRTZ**  
BENTON, MINN.  
Successor to

**L. Hochhausen,**  
keeps on hand a large assortment of Agricultural Implements and Mechanical Tools, Nails, Glass, Sash and Doors, and all other articles found in a first class Hardware store. Will sell at 5¢.  
Paint and Minneapolis Hardware.  
Tinning of all kinds done on short notice. Give us a call before buying your goods elsewhere.  
—Peter Wirtz is also Notary Public. Insurance agent for Hail and Life. I will also give music instructions, by the month or by the hour.

**MARKET HOTEL.**  
Corner 1st St. & 1st Ave. North.  
**FRANK DARK, Manager.**  
Minneapolis, West.

This Hotel has just been newly fitted up and offers to the traveling public and boarders the best of accommodations. Good stables and an experienced horsemen are at service any time.

**FARMERS HOME**  
—J. G. LOY—  
In Lange's old building near Minneapolis & St. L. Depot.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
**LUCIEN DIACON,**  
—J. G. LOY—  
Watchmaker and Jeweler.  
CHASKA, MINN.  
Dealer in Fine Watches, Jewelry, Clocks &c.  
Repairing neatly done and work guaranteed.  
Shop on 2nd St., The old Store.

**PLATFORM BUGGIES!**  
THE CHEAPEST & BEST MADE.  
BY  
**JOS. ESS, Chaska.**  
Also Agent for the Cortland, New York Buggies.  
I have a supply of Lumber Wagons, and Single Wagons on hand of my own make which I will sell as cheap as the cheapest and warrant to be first class in every respect. I am also agent for the celebrated Cortland New York Platform Spring Buggy, just the thing for family use, which I will sell very cheap and warrant.  
Shop above Barthel's Saloon.

**NEW BUTCHER SHOP.**  
(Next door to National Hotel)  
Chaska, Minn.  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Butcher Shop on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**  
CHASKA, MINN.  
JOHN KERKER, Prop.  
Board by the day or week for transientable prices. First class saloon attached. Good stabling attached to the premises. Travelers will find themselves at home with me.

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

**Chaska Bakery**  
AND  
Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Bakery and Confectionary Store on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.  
**ANTHONY BURY, Prop.**

# The Weekly Valley Herald.

**A. I. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.**

VOLUME 18

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 3 1880

NUMBER 29

**The Valley Herald.**  
Official County Paper.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**A. I. DU TOIT & CO. L. BAXTER**  
Editors and Publishers.

COUNTY OFFICERS:

Treasurer—Peter Wingo.  
Auditor—L. Streukens.  
Register of Deeds—F. Greiner.  
Sheriff—F. E. Du Toit.  
Clerk of Court—G. Kravenbuhl.  
Attorney—W. C. Odell.  
Surveyor—J. O. Bruhl.  
Judge of Probate—J. A. Sargent.  
School Superintendent—Geo. Mix.  
Coroner—G. F. Lau.  
County Commissioner—J. Ackerman.  
County Commissioners—A. W. Tiffany, Chairman; Geo. Kravenbuhl, H. H. Paulson, and Jacob Truett.

We are in receipt of No. 2, Vol. 1, of the Fishers Landing Bulletin, published by A. Dewey. It is a very neat seven column paper and bristles all over with the good things in and around Fisher's Landing. It is well supported by the business men of that enterprising village.

The Lake City leader presents the name of M. J. E. Doughty of Lake City as a candidate for congress in the Second district, subject to the decision of the Farmington convention, and gives him a good biographical sketch.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution reports Gen. Joseph E. Johnson as saying in that city that the election of no other man in the entire South would have given him so much gratification as the appointment of ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown as United States senator.

The Rochester (Olmsted county) Post (rep.) puts in an earnest plea for the reelection of Judge Mitchell, and says he is unquestionable, so competent and upright that there can be no doubt that he ought to be his own successor. The people of Olmsted county do not care what party Judge Mitchell votes with. The question what ticket he voted was not asked seven years ago when he was elected, but he was put on the bench by the votes of Republicans and Democrats alike, and the only question to-day should be whether he is willing to stay there. If so, he certainly ought to be, and we believe certainly will be, kept there by the unanimous vote of the people.

**Lawyers in Convention.**  
On the first day of June, about twenty of the members of the Bar of the Eighth Judicial District, met at the office of H. J. Peck Esq., of Shakopee for the purpose of forming a Bar Association. A constitution was adopted and a permanent organization effected. The following named gentlemen were elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year.  
Hon. Henry Hinds, Shakopee, President.  
Francis Caldwell, Le Sueur, Vice President.  
M. O. Little, Glencoe, Secretary.  
E. Southworth, Shakopee, Treasurer.  
A. W. Bangs, Le Sueur.  
W. C. Odell, Chaska.  
S. Kipp, Henderson.  
Henry Hinds, Jr., Shakopee.  
M. O. Little, Glencoe.  
Executive Committee.

Things are boiling at Chicago, and it is the field against Genl. Grant. So many conflicting reports are afloat that it is impossible to say who will be nominated.—The Anti-Grantites have seemingly scored a victory in securing the temporary organization. The big fight, however, will be over the repeal of the unit rule.

**WACONIA ITEMS.**

Wm. Clef is beautifying the outside of his residence by putting on a coat of paint. Carpenters, masons, painters and all other citizens are so busy just now building and brightening up various premises in town that it is impossible to secure the services of one except by waiting from one to two weeks. Mr. G. Borchers was awarded the contract for building the ministers and teachers dwellings of the Lutheran congregation, consideration \$1,800.

The masons are at work building the foundation of the Catholic school house.—Mr. Hugo Volquandt has his men also at work framing. It will be a fine structure when finished.

W. C. Bredenhagen was in town last Friday attending some insuring business.

The consecration of the beautiful new residence of D. Schermer last Sunday evening was a jolly affair. The light fantastic toe was kept lively till quite late.

Our board of supervisors were in session last Saturday and gave out a bridge on main street opposite Mr. Zuhlers place, the contract was awarded to Messrs. Aug. Kuch and M. Schiednegel, consideration, \$55.00.

**Lakotown Pickings.**

As regards neatness, location, walk, substantial fence, size and general appearance, Paulus Bierline's garden far surpasses those about him, far and wide.

Clean out your cellar and whitewash your outside surroundings. By so doing you'll promote health of your household.

Messrs. Hanz and Albrecht of St. Paul, with their respective families, paid Zoar a friendly visit, the other day. Both are gentlemen of wealth, and the former presented Rev. T. Sodermann with ten dollars, towards fund for outside painting of the church.

Some of our women resemble flowers. They only shut up when they sleep.

A tablespoonful of salt should always be added to the water in which colored stockings are washed.

Married, Mary Rippel to John Maas; both are of this place, and have the best wishes of their numerous friends in their journey thro' life as man and wife.

Our Assessor expects to finish his labors by June 10th, and will then leave an open field "for any other man" at the next election.

The rain last Sunday was a great blessing to our farmers. Therm., at 3 p. m., stood 66 above.

**WATERTOWN ITEMS.**

Monday last was not decoration day here.

Our hotels have been doing a lively business this spring.

The proprietors of the wagon manufacturing factory report a good trade.

The average citizen is anxiously awaiting the news regarding the result of the Chicago Convention.

Mrs. John Alley (nee Rina Lewis) of Howard Lake has been in town during the last week visiting her numerous friends.

J. M. Graham Esq., a former teacher in this vicinity passed through this village the other day enroute to Maudslaw, where he expects to locate.  
It has not been decided by whom the "glorious fourth" will be led. There seems to be a disposition among the friends to take the lead. The correct band are also considering the matter. In the meantime, rumor tells us that the Catholic congregation are inclined to manage the exercise. We feel satisfied to abide by any arrangement that may be amicably agreed upon. By all means let it come with a rousing boom.

**Notice to Farmers.**

[Boys get ready for business]

We the below named firm wish to inform the farmers of Benton and surrounding towns, that hereafter, until further notice we will grind for one twelfth of a bushel as toll instead of one eighth as heretofore. Our regular days for custom work are, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Of good wheat, every pound of flour warranted, money or wheat will be refunded if it does not prove to be so. Farmers are respectfully invited to come and be convinced. We mean what we say.  
Very respectfully,  
C. KROSKINABEL & HENRIKSON.

State of Minnesota } S.S.  
County of Carver, }  
In Probate Court.  
Special term May 31 1880.

In the matter of the Estate of Maria C. Hochhausen Deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition of John Eiden of Oakgreen representing among others that Nicholas Eiden late of Oakgreen on the 23d day of Dec. A. D. 1878 at said Co., at the time of his death leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county and that said petitioner is next of kin and creditor of said deceased, and praying that administration of this estate be to himself granted, it is ordered that said petition be heard before the judge of this court on the 24th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co. Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Valley Herald three weeks prior to said day of hearing.  
Dated Chaska May 31, 1880.  
By the Court,  
J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA } S.S.  
COUNTY OF CARVER, }  
IN PROBATE COURT.  
Special term May 15th 1880.

In the matter of the Estate of Maria C. Hochhausen Deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition of Christena Sandbuck setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to her hands, and the disposition thereof, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the same, and praying that license be to her granted to sell all of the same, and it appearing by said petition, that there is not sufficient in order to pay said debt, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same to sell all of said real estate.  
It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the Judge of Probate on Saturday the 3rd day of July A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in said County and there show cause (if any they have) why a license should not be granted to said Christena Sandbuck administratrix to sell said real estate at private sale according to the prayer of said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before the said day of hearing in the Valley Herald a Weekly newspaper printed and published at Chaska in said County, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said County, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing.  
Dated Chaska the 15th day of May 1880.  
By the Court,  
J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE.**

All those having promise to haul stones for the foundation of the new mill at College are requested to do so forthwith in order to continue the work.

J. Meuwissen. The Boys.

**MILLINERY.**

and  
**Dress Making**

Misses KITTERER & NASSIE

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

a full assortment of

Fashionable Millinery Goods

of the Latest Styles and Patterns

Store on Second Street, Kravenbuhl

Bro. old stand. Chaska, Minn.

**MATTHIAS M. MYKES.**

NOTARY PUBLIC.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

AGENT.

Chaska, Minn.

Taxes paid for non residents, also agent for the North German Lloyd Steam Ship.

Office Over Herald Office.

**Railroad Hotel.**

(Opposite the M. & St. Louis R. R. Depot)

CHASKA, MINN.

**Andrew Biedele, - Propr.**

A large two story Brick House, with the best of accommodations for Travelers and Boarders. Good Stabling and Water on the premises.

WARM MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the bar.

**MEATMARKET**

BY HENRY GEHL.

At Chaska and Carver

Keeps constantly on hand, all kinds of fresh meat and sausage of the best quality.

Highest market price paid for fat cattle, calves, sheep and pork. Farmers if you are any let me know.

**MERCHANTS' HOTEL.**

The "Merchants" is now prepared for business. If you want a agreeable, and a clean bed stop with me, second door East of "Herald Block."

Chaska, Minn.

J. F. Dilley, Propr.

**HENRY YOUNG'S STORE,**

SPRING 1880.

The people are respectfully

invited to call and examine

my New Spring Stock of general

merchandise which embraces a full line in Dry

Goods, Notions, CLOTH-

ING, Hats & Caps, BOOTS

& SHOES, and Groceries

Chinaware, Glassware and

Crockery, SPECIALTIES.

Mrs. H. YOUNG, Chaska.

**H. H. STUNK & SONS.**

WHOLESALE

AND RETAIL

**DRUGGISTS,**

SHAKOPEE

SCOTT COUNTY MINNESOTA.

Save money by buying your white

Lead Dry Paints, Oils, Glass, Wall Paper,

Enamel Paints &c., at the Old Drug Store

of H. H. Stunk & Sons Shakopee Minn.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

State of Minnesota } S.S.  
County of Carver, }

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver, in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Lucius Howe, upon a certain judgment duly recorded on the 29th day of April A. D. 1879 and on that day duly docketed in the office of the clerk of said court is a certain action wherein Lucius Howe was plaintiff and Phillip Heck was defendant, in favor of said defendant for the sum of one hundred dollars and fifty cents (\$100.50). I have on this 19th day of April A. D. 1880, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said Lucius Howe, in and to the following described real estate, situate, situate and being in the County of Carver, Minnesota, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 and east half of south east 1/4 of north west 1/4 of southeast 1/4 of Sec. 28, Township 116, Range 21, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the court house in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska May 10th A. D. 1880.

F. E. DU TOIT.

Sheriff Carver County Minnesota.

W. C. ODELL, Plff's Atty.

State of Minnesota, } S.S.  
County of Carver, }

In the matter of the estate of John Hoban deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Winford Hoban of Humboldt, representing among other things, that John Hoban, late of Humboldt on the 25th day of April A. D. 1880 died intestate, and being a resident of this County at the time of his death, and that said John Hoban was plaintiff and Phillip Heck was defendant, in favor of said defendant for the sum of one hundred dollars and fifty cents (\$100.50). I have on this 19th day of April A. D. 1880, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said John Hoban, in and to the following described real estate, situate, situate and being in the County of Carver, Minnesota, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 and east half of south east 1/4 of north west 1/4 of southeast 1/4 of Sec. 28, Township 116, Range 21, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the court house in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska the 21st day of May 1880.

J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

(L. S.)

By the Court,  
J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

W. C. ODELL, Plff's Atty.

**LEGALIS.**

Notice of Mortgage Sale.

Names of Mortgages, John Warner and Frank Warner her husband.

Mortgages dated July 28th, 1879, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Carver and State of Minnesota, on the 29th day of July A. D. 1879, in Book "K" of Mortgages on page 54.

The amount claimed to be due, and that is due on said Mortgage, including an Attorney's fee of Ten Dollars, in said Mortgage, stipulated to be paid in case of a foreclosure thereof, at the date of this notice, is the sum of Two Hundred thirty seven and 25/100 dollars.

The land and premises covered by said Mortgage are described as follows to-wit:

Lot 33 in Block 44 and Block 45 in Block 46 in the village of Carver in the County of Carver and State of Minnesota, according to the recorded plat of said Village on file in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County and whereas default has been made in the condition of said mortgage, and no proceedings at law or otherwise have been had or instituted to recover the debt or any part thereof, and the mortgagee is entitled to the benefit of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the same being recorded, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed, by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public auction by the sheriff of said County of Carver, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska in said County of Carver and State of Minnesota, on Monday the 29th day of June A. D. 1880 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to-wit: the amount due on said mortgage and costs and expenses of foreclosure and sale.

Dated



## Chaska Valley Herald.

FRED. E. DUTOIT, Editor.  
CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

### Our Fairy.

A winsome elf, with merry eyes,  
Who smiles in wonder and surprise  
That we should call her fair;  
Her dancing feet, from day to day,  
Make echoes sweet along our way,  
And down the voice of care.  
Her fairy fingers wipe the tears  
That sometimes fall, when down the years,  
Come visions from afar;  
And on our heart her tender smile,  
So radiant and so free from guile,  
Gives like some peaceful star.  
She flings rare blossoms at our feet,  
And soft we say, "There's none so sweet,  
In all the world as ours!"  
She braids gay wreaths across her brow,  
And fond love lightly whispers, "Now,  
Sweet Beauty chases the hours."  
We could not feel that life was sweet  
Unless her dainty, fairy feet  
Tripped over at our side;  
No flower that yields its fragrant breath  
Could charm our heart, if envious death  
Should claim her as his bride!

### The Robber Axelvold.

At a certain village, not far from Tifis, the people were celebrating the feast of St. Martin, or harvest-home, always a joyous and merry holiday, and which, on this occasion, was kept with more than the customary pomp and rejoicing, on account of the presence of Prince Yusuf, the governor of that province, who presided over the festival.

The prince was a young man and very popular. He had lately married a fair bride, who was as much beloved for her goodness as she was admired for her beauty, and this sweet lady rode by his side, when he arrived at the village, attended by his usual retinue. The church and all the shrines were gaily decorated, and the villagers were out in their holiday attire, which rivaled the bright costumes of the mountaineers, and the gay uniforms of the soldiers from Tifis, who had traveled to the village to take part in the harvest festival and do honor to the prince and princess.

It was a cheerful and pleasing scene, and the noble visitors seemed gratified by the warmth of the welcome they received. But it was observed that the prince looked pale and agitated, and the prince explained that he had been disturbed by an idle rumor which had reached his ears, to the effect that Axelvold, a famous robber, had been lately seen in the neighborhood of this village.

On hearing this, the intendant, or chief magistrate of the village, made answer: "I fear, my lord, that this rumor is not without foundation; but I beg that her highness, the princess, will not allow it to trouble her, for there is not the slightest danger. Bold as he is, Axelvold would never venture to enter the village at such a time as this."

"Although it would be a fortunate thing for us and for all the country if he should do so," said another of the leading villagers, "for we could not fail to capture him, and so gain a great reward, besides securing the price which is set upon his head."

"By the holy saint whose feast we keep to-day," cried a third, "I only wish he would take it into his head to pay us a visit."

"No, no, my friend," exclaimed the princess, with a shudder. "Do not wish for such a thing, for they tell wild stories of this reckless outlaw, and we know not what might be held enough to do."

It was true enough that Axelvold, who was credited with many deeds as a robber, had been suggested, by every one. He was a man of a century ago, and his name was still a terror to the people of the valley.

At Tifis, the prince and princess, who were accompanied by a large retinue of attendants, were seated in a grand hall, and the prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

The prince was talking to a group of his officers and guards, and the princess was looking at a group of ladies and gentlemen who were seated at a table.

ture of Axelvold, but not a man in Georgia dared to beard him in his den.

One of his own kinsmen once undertook to betray him for the price upon his head. He invited Axelvold to be present at the marriage of his daughter, and the robber, fearing to take precautions with one whom he considered to be his friend, went to the feast entirely alone. But while they were drinking the health of the bride, Axelvold fancied that he heard the sound of stealthy footsteps.

"Who is lurking around your house?" he demanded of his host.

The latter turned pale, and began to stammer out some explanation; and his manner awakened a suspicion of treachery in Axelvold's mind.

"Darest thou, you would betray me!" he cried, and sprang out of the door, upon his horse, and away to the hills.

But as he went he received two gun-shots from the soldiers who were watching for him. He escaped, however, and recovered from the wounds; and from that day forth his traitor kinsman lived in mortal fear. He kept in constant concealment, and never dared to sleep without a guard to watch over him. Axelvold never lifted a finger to harm him, and he died at last, killed by sheer terror of the robber's vengeance.

Such was the dread which the name of Axelvold had inspired in the mind of the gentle princess that she seemed to take very little pleasure in the mirth and merry-making which was going on around her, and Prince Yusuf tried in vain to dispel her uneasiness.

"Surely, my sweet lady," he said, "you are not afraid that the robbers will approach this place to-day? Can you not feel safe, surrounded by all these loyal soldiers and brave mountaineers?"

"He is a bold man, Yusuf," said the princess, apprehensively. "He has escaped the capture of a dozen times, and they say that the mountaineers are friendly to him."

"I dare say they are," said Yusuf, lightly. "They admire him for his valor and boldness—and, by St. Martin, so do I! But he is not bold enough to show himself this day."

"Do you think not, my lord?" said a quiet and respectful voice at the prince's elbow.

Yusuf turned and saw a young man in the holiday dress of a mountaineer—a hide and active young man, decidedly pleasing in person, who looked him very frankly in the face, and said:

"Permit me to correct your highness in that mistake. Axelvold is not afraid to show himself here, alone and unarmed. Behold him!"

The prince recoiled and demanded, in amazement:

"What do you mean? Who are you?"

"I am Axelvold," the mountaineer pronounced those words so calmly that every one who heard them was bewildered. The princess looked at her husband in affright at beholding the dreaded robber; although had he not said that he was Axelvold, she could have seen nothing at all alarming in the appearance of this young man. As soon as his surprise allowed him to speak, the prince exclaimed:

"Axelvold, if you are he, how dare you place yourself thus in my power?"

"There is not much that I do not dare, my lord," said Axelvold, coolly.

"But why are you come?" asked the prince. "What do you want?"

"Justice, my lord!"

"What?"

"My lord," said Axelvold, "I have heard that you are a just man. You know that I have been wronged, and driven by the cruelty and injustice of others to become the outlaw that I am. I come before you, unarmed and respectful, to beg that you will help me to resume the life of an honest man."

While Axelvold was speaking, Yusuf had made a sign to his officers and guards, and they had silently drawn near and closed about the robber, so that he found himself the prince and princess, in the midst of armed men; but he only by a quiet and respectful voice at the prince's elbow.

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

"because I had heard that you were a just man."

sign from Yusuf, and made way for him; and he passed them with a haughty air, but keeping his eyes about him and holding the sword at guard, for Axelvold had reason to doubt the promises of the prince.

But Yusuf kept his word, and the robber departed from the village unmolested.

A little later, a mountain had brought back the sword and returned it to the owner, with a message from Axelvold:

"Her highness, the princess, has taught Axelvold that he should not wrong any man on so holy a day."

Subsequently, Prince Yusuf, who was greatly impressed by the courage and generous character of the robber, interceded for him with the authorities at Tifis, and obtained his pardon; and Axelvold returned to the city, with his wife, and ever led an honest and quiet life.

**A Newly-Discovered Nation.**

The campaign of Gen. Crook against the Apaches, last year, opened up to research a tract of land two hundred miles square, which is rich in relics of our country's unknown past. It contains a chain of ancient cities in ruins and a coterie of ancient towns still inhabited by a race which holds itself aloof from Indian and Mexican and American, prides itself on its descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country, and maintains a religion and a government, both of which are peculiar to itself. We are indebted to Capt. W. C. Manning, of the regular army, for the facts in our possession concerning the newly-discovered nation.

Manning, who was with Gen. Crook during the whole campaign, and was recommended for promotion by the latter on account of gallantry in the field, explored in the intervals of fighting. He visited the inhabited towns, talked with their rulers, and informed himself concerning their customs.

The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line. It is a type of the rest, and a strong wall surrounds it. Within are houses, and can obtain 4,000 people. The population for about 1,000, however, to about 1,500. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit who wandered in America. About 1535, another Jesuit wrote a minute account of it. The language resembles the Chinese. So an ardent archaeologist, who visited the city a year ago, says:

Some of the minor customs correspond to those of the Chinese. The women are of the true celestial type—slender eyes, protruding brows, little feet, etc. They dress their hair and themselves in Chinese fashion. Their religion is barbarously magnificent. Monteana is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is part of their creed. The priests have heavily embroidered robes which have been used for unnumbered years. The ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous.

The morality of this strange people, as far as least as foreigners are concerned, is irreproachable. It is probable that they keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in long cords. This, if true, seems to establish some kinship or remote acquaintance between them and the Aztecs. Their government is a conservative republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen cabiques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are selected from time to time. One of them is the Executive. Another is a sort of Vice-President. These seven cabiques are usually young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal.

It is scarcely necessary to supplement these facts with the statement that these dwellers in towns are quite far advanced in civilization. On this point one fact speaks volumes. Woman is not a beast of burden among them, as she is with all Indian tribes. She is held in high respect. Her tasks are confined to those of housekeeping.

The written records which we have mentioned show that this isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and a half centuries. Its history, carefully studied, may prove a clue to the problem of the aboriginal Americans. The mound-builders of the North and the city-builders of the South may be represented in the town-dwellers of New Mexico and Arizona.

**TRADES OF THE PAST.**

"If a century ago bellows-making was a trade. Every house had its pair of bellows, and in every well-furnished house a pair hung by the side of the door."

"Grates took the place of coal as substitutes for bellows, and as a separate trade."

"Flints for tinder—necessary in the absence of matches."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

"The use of the flint for tinder was a trade in itself, and a separate one."

### CHINESE LABOR.

The Chinese have already found their way to the Pacific coast. They are at work on the railroads, in mines, forests, fields, factories, and the kitchens and chambers of dwellers in California. They are in Oregon, Montana, Nevada, and Idaho. Now that the Pacific railroad is completed, they will soon be at Salt Lake City, and in time will make their appearance in Chicago and Boston.

The supply of labor in China is unlimited. We are to think of a country containing a population of four hundred millions. One half of the people are only able to gain their daily bread. Two hundred millions in that land have found of ever making any headway, and hence the readiness to seek their fortunes in foreign regions.

They are at Singapore, where several hundred thousand have taken possession of the lower end of Malacca, and trade with vessels touching at that port. They are on all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. They swarm in the gold fields of Australia; the Sandwich Islands will soon be in their hands; and they will supply San Francisco with sugar. They are to be found all the way from Chili to Oregon.

Nearly all those who are thus seeking their fortunes abroad are from Southern China, where a remarkable spirit of enterprise and adventure has been lately developed. Companies, like those established in London two and a half centuries ago for the settlement of the East India Company, have been formed at Canton and San Francisco for the encouragement and protection of the Chinese emigrants. The one hundred thousand now in America, are but pioneers of the millions who will follow by-and-by.

We are accustomed to think of the Chinese as belonging to a degraded race, ignorant of civilized life, and unable to compete with the skilled labor of Europe. But we have this fact before us, that China as a nation makes the whole world her debtor. We want her tea and silks, and can obtain them only by paying cash. We have also the fact that the Chinese have established themselves in the woolen mills of California, producing cloth which won a prize at the World's Fair.

The Chinese work patiently. They are not disposed to be aggressors upon the rights of others; neither will they allow any infringement of their own. They wage no war, but, if treated unkindly, quietly go their own ways, seeking business somewhere else. "I do not for you, you do not for me," is their motto. He is off at once. He fully understands what some Anglo-Saxons as yet have failed to comprehend, that the hiring of servants does not include the privilege to abuse them.

**The New Cave of the Winds.**

We have heretofore referred, says the *Niagara Falls Gazette* of the 2d inst., to "explorations" that have been made behind the American Fall, entering from below Prospect Park. All descriptions represent the trip behind the great fall to be uninteresting for want of scene and novelty of experience. Fascinating as is the cave under the Luna Island Fall, the unexplored mysteries of the wild and tumultuous recesses behind the American Fall shadow the former in the wonders of the old cave.

Since the organization of the Prospect Park Company it has been contemplated fitting up approaches to this new cave, and building up such mechanical helps as may be found practical to facilitate pleasure time behind the sheet. Last season Conroy and Mumford made a thorough examination of the entrance, extending their trip around the first bend in the precipice. The floor was found perfectly smooth, with a sheet of comparatively still water some three feet deep overlying it. Since this trip last season, the cave has not been entered until recently when Conroy and Mumford volunteered portions of the place. The stranger, Mr. George B. Johnson, of New Orleans, thus has won the distinction of being the first visitor to Niagara who has ever been behind the American Fall. The party pressed their investigation over two hundred feet behind the sheet. Conroy expresses his conviction that a passage-way extends through to Goat Island—a path which can be treaded with safety, and which he intends at some future day to explore.

Mr. Johnson was lavish in his expressions of delight with the trip, which he pronounced unequal for strangeness on the face of the earth. He then left to join friends in the East, and contemplates returning in a few days with a party, when he will make another trip in company with his friends.

**A Valuable Recipe.**

The "Journal of Chemistry" publishes a recipe for the destruction of insects which, if it be one-half as efficacious as it is claimed to be, will prove invaluable:—

"Hot alum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves and the like. Brush the crevices in a floor of the skirting or mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbor termites. If, in treating a ceiling, plenty of alum is used to the line, it will also serve to keep it at a distance. Cockroaches will flee from it which has been washed in cool water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be treated by drawing a chalk mark along the edge of the top of them. If not broken, or they will be broken, but a continuous chalk mark, in width, will set their depredations naught. Powdered alum or keep the chintz bugs at a respectful distance, and travelers should always have in their hand-bags to scatter under their pillows, in places they have reason to suspect the infestation of."

A horse, owned by a farmer of Iowa, trotted alone into a trap, where he had been shod before. He seemed to be lame, and off one of his shoes it was found that he had been driven so as to

### LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is as a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing-office or the artisan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him:—

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make. Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:—

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come you have a good trade always in reserve."

The young man saw the wisdom, and understood.

Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote:—"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type, or farming, so that while our strength lasts, ten thousand blockheads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor-house."

And so may a man become truly independent.

**EXTENSIVE DEAD-HEADING.**

A few days ago a hearse arrived from Rochester, N. Y., consigned to Easterday & Morgan of this city (Oakland, Cal.). The hearse was transported from the shop in Rochester without change of cars from the flat on which it was originally placed. Before shipment the manufacturers placed a large box over it to protect it from the weather. The box rested on the axles, instead of the wheels, being long enough to extend from the rear over the dashboard in front. Owing to the construction of the driver's seat on the hearse, the corners of the box extended far enough to allow room for the body of a man to pass between the box at that point and the hearse.

The front and rear of the vehicle is so constructed as to swing open, and thereby hangs the tale. This was known by some one who silently contemplated how easy it would be to save a few cents and see the country where strawberries grow as large as hens' eggs all the year round, and then bounded off to lay in a stock of provisions. These he procured, and packed them through the cavity between the horse and the box, after which he followed. Once within the wooded precincts, it is thought he waded a space of praise, for there reposed a large box, partially filled with silver-plated cast-iron trimmings, etc., which had been packed in straw and shavings, as also the seat cushions. After arranging his corned beef, bread, candies, hermetically sealed cabbage, and a quantity of tobacco, he arranged the ornaments in the box so as to leave a nice place in the center for him to repose in.

And then, after taking a drink and a chew of tobacco, he reclined amid the straw and fine shavings, and quietly snickered. The appearance of this suffering soul, as he laid back and ejected the nicotine from between his ruby lips against the plate glass sides of that hearse, must have been satisfactory. As was seen by the remnants left in his lodgings, his appetite remained substantial throughout the journey, but his amiable weakness seems to have been in lining the glass walls of his prison with tobacco juice. A highly-colored, short-stemmed clay pipe, found in the corner, gave proof that it was not allowed to rust with inactivity, and told how vacation between meals was sometimes passed.

**INSANE FROM SCANDAL.**

In St. Paul they tell the story of Maggie Flynn. She loved and was loved by a worthy young man, who hoped soon to make her his bride, but slender's envenomed tongue poisoned her reputation, and caused her lover to cancel their engagement. She, suffering unjustly from the cruel blow, lost her reason, and would have been carried an incurable patient to the insane asylum had not the employers of her quondam lover investigated the stories affecting her character, and ascertained their utter groundlessness. He was traveling, but they ordered him home, told him the good news, and sent him to claim Maggie before she could be carried to the madhouse. She was with the sheriff, who was about to convey her to her destination, when the young man came into her presence. At sight of him, the clouds that lowered on her intellect broke away, and she, with straight-jackets, was in order.

GAMBLING was introduced by Lydians, when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they invented dice, balls, tables, etc. It is added that, to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without intermission, that they might not feel the effects of the want of food. The invention intended as a remedy for hunger, is now a very common cause for that evil.

Pity is more a sentiment of disguised contempt than a sincere commiseration.

### Pat at the Railway Station.

"Ticket to New York," said Pat, the other day, at the Providence railroad station.

"By the Shore Line?" inquired the ticket clerk, who always was to be certain with this class of customers.

"Shure line? Faix I do, and mightly sure too, for I want to see me brother Dennis in Worcester, shure, an the way."

"That's not the Shore Line. You want to go to the station on Albany street."

"Divil a bit do I want to go any station. Faix, I was in a station all night for givin' an amadahn a black eye that was black-guineil me, jist."

"You don't understand. The Shore Line don't go to Worcester."

"Agh, bother that! Me brother towid me the train was always sure to go to Worcester, and I want the shure train."

"No, no," said the clerk, laughing. "This train does not run to Worcester, this is the Shore—Sh-o-r-e—Line—on shore. You understand what coming on shore is, don't you?"

"Coming ashore, is it? An' is it laughin'?"

"'s be lakse ye think I'm jist ashore, and a votin' more than a dozen times wid the shure of the old shure since I set me fut in Ameriky."

"I tell you this train does not run to Worcester."

"Don't it? Bedad, perhaps it walks there thin, for I've heard av things bein' slow and shure."

"If you want to go to New York by way of Worcester—"

"I don't want to go any by way, avic; it's the shure way, I towid ye and stop at Worcester."

"This road don't stop at Worcester, I tell you; it goes to New York."

"An' Worcester is betwene Boston an' New York?"

"Yes, but not on this road."

"Agh! go away, wid ye! Give me me ticket, and let me go. Faix, I'll stop if the road don't."

"There's a ticket for New York," said the clerk, "but you can't stop at Worcester with it, mind that."

"Shure I do," said Pat, passing over his currency. "Faix, I've no desire to stop at Worcester wid it. Shure, I'll leave it wid some gentleman in the car till I return."

The case was hopeless, and the ticket-seller was obliged to let Pat go, but could not help but smile at the task the conductor had in prospect.

**The Best Cow.**

A pretty rich thing occurred at the establishment of Simpson not long since. Simpson used to be our milkman, and we attribute to him in a great measure, our loss of confidence in humanity generally, and milkmen in particular. Mike Welch had been recommended to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of his department.

One morning after Mike had been a month at the place, Simpson, who had made search of food, was so harassed as to be at length unable to resist them. Streams of water only opposed a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on certain dead and fresh armies instantly following, until a bank was formed of the carcasses of those which were drowned sufficient to dam up the waters and allow the main body to pass over in safety. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest their route, they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it. To such straits was the unfortunate island reduced by the ants that a reward of £30,000 was offered, but in vain, for an effectual means of destroying them; and it was not until a hurricane in 1870 came and blew them away and destroyed them—doing, by the way, almost more mischief than the ants—that Grenada was freed from these terrible destroyers. Happily, in London we have the steam-roller, which should be kept ready for immediate action in the face of the calamity with which we are now threatened.

**Fall of a Huge Stand-Pipe.**



My Woe-  
Down through the sloping meadows  
Where the rivulet flows  
With tangles of long grass waving  
Above, like beautiful hair,  
Lies along its margin  
Wave in the morning breeze,  
And swing their golden tresses  
Beneath the blossoming trees.  
Once, when the summer was dawning,  
Down through the slope of green,  
With roses among her tresses,  
Wandered my beautiful queen,  
Her footstep was slow and stately,  
And down at her glancing feet  
The fair flowers waved and quivered  
At touches so soft and sweet.  
Scarcely I dared to whisper  
The love fast falling my heart;  
For I feared her scornful glances  
Would bid every hope depart.  
But her lips dropped softly downward,  
And a rose-flush stained her cheek;  
And I read, in her sweet confusion,  
What her dear lips dared not speak.

### Clean-Washed.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!"  
And little Helen Hawthorne sprang from her  
low seat by the warm fireside, the rich glow  
deepening on her fair cheek, and a sudden  
excitement leaping into the dark gray  
eyes.

"Nonsense, dear," answered the mother,  
after a moment's silence. "It was your  
imagination. My little girl is fanciful to-  
night," and she bent to stroke back the  
thickly-clustering curls from the low, white  
brow, as she pressed a fond, fervent kiss  
upon it.

It was a pretty picture on which the fire-  
light danced and flickered—the warm, luxu-  
rious room, with the tall, elegant woman in  
its midst, and the little, dainty-dressed  
child by her side.

Without the wind swept by, hurrying  
great masses of snow on its wings, and  
dashing through the bare, leafless  
branches of the trees.

The child shuddered as she listened to its  
moan.

"I am quite sure I heard it, mamma,"  
suppose any one were out on such a night.  
It would be dreadful. Let me open the  
door a moment—just a moment."

And, without waiting for the refusal  
trembling on her mother's lips, she darted  
forward and threw open the great outside  
door.

In another instant, the bell sent a sharp  
peal through the house, for on the very  
threshold lay a prostrate body, already half  
buried in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the had had been  
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-  
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think  
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the little  
Helen looked at her mother, and the great  
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,  
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed  
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had  
reached? He feared to waken from his  
dream, and find himself again homeless and  
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, she closed his  
eyes, only to find the fascination of the  
present overcome him, and impel him to  
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-  
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the  
reality was brought home to him—when he  
discovered that it was life, not death, and  
earth, not heaven, and that he was to be  
driven out again into the cold and bitter  
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay mo-  
tionless in this warm, resting place, pictur-  
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until  
it became stereotyped both on heart and  
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a  
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last  
place," he said, "because I carried a book  
about with me, and the boss said it would  
teach me to dream instead of work. I was  
only trying to learn something in my idle  
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,  
and I didn't take my employer's. How-  
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.  
I started West. The little money I had  
gave out. The storm overtook me. I  
struggled on as best I could, until I grew  
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance  
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You  
know the rest. Now I am strong and well  
again, the storm is over, and I can only  
thank you in a few poor words for your  
generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon,"  
answered the child. "He is the owner of all  
the mills about here. If you would like, I  
will ask him to give you a place; and there  
is a school at night for the hands, so you  
can study, too."

"If I would like!"  
It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-  
thorne needed no other words. She knew  
that a great lump in his throat had choked  
his further utterance, and that he had turned  
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,  
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man  
among men. He found a place in the night  
school, too. Nor did his young patroness  
forget him. In some way she discovered  
the books he needed, and lent them to him  
until he grew to associate with every  
good thing of his new life. One morning  
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,  
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many  
years. When I come back, I hope to find  
you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I  
wanted to tell you that if you wished any  
books from the library I would leave this  
key with you, and you might come up and  
get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her  
face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,  
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed  
to roll between them. She was going away  
for years—who had saved him from death,  
or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt,  
as, without a single word of thanks, he  
snatched the key and hastened from her  
presence.

She could not know that he went out to  
throw himself, face downward, on the  
ground, and sob out like a very child in his  
heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and  
Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth  
winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had

her homeward way, and he had attained the  
position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection,  
after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often say,  
on receiving congratulations on the efficiency  
of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap  
or kind message from his daughter's letters,  
but Alex received them all in silence. He  
had lost the little golden-haired child for-  
ever. She would return a woman, grown  
cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing  
to cast even a smile across the vast social  
gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few  
days on business—he returned to find a  
difficult piece of machinery about to be ad-  
justed in one of the mills which required  
his superintendence. Directing the men,  
he saw that not only his eye but his hand  
could do better work than the others, and so,  
seizing a workman's blouse hanging near,  
he slipped it on, and in another moment had  
his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he  
heard the rattle of a silk dress, and the  
silver rattle of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party  
were passing through the works, with one  
among them seeming a princess surrounded  
by her followers. The gold still flicked her  
hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of  
proud ivory. Time had not made her more  
beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among  
the little group of men, of which he formed  
one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she  
said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed  
on.

She had come home, then, during his  
absence. He had seen her. The seven  
years' waiting were over. What had they  
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but  
Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his  
face, went out silently from the mills. Not,  
as once before, to find relief in tears. He  
was a man now. He only knew that some-  
thing was bursting within him—a bitter dis-  
appointment, to which he could give no  
name, but which he could only bring out  
into the air and sunshine, lest it choke him.

Far out into the open country he walked,  
with great strides, knowing neither fatigue  
nor consciousness that it was unnatural that  
he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came  
a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside  
for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his  
halt in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the had had been  
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-  
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think  
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the little  
Helen looked at her mother, and the great  
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,  
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed  
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had  
reached? He feared to waken from his  
dream, and find himself again homeless and  
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, she closed his  
eyes, only to find the fascination of the  
present overcome him, and impel him to  
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-  
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the  
reality was brought home to him—when he  
discovered that it was life, not death, and  
earth, not heaven, and that he was to be  
driven out again into the cold and bitter  
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay mo-  
tionless in this warm, resting place, pictur-  
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until  
it became stereotyped both on heart and  
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a  
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last  
place," he said, "because I carried a book  
about with me, and the boss said it would  
teach me to dream instead of work. I was  
only trying to learn something in my idle  
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,  
and I didn't take my employer's. How-  
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.  
I started West. The little money I had  
gave out. The storm overtook me. I  
struggled on as best I could, until I grew  
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance  
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You  
know the rest. Now I am strong and well  
again, the storm is over, and I can only  
thank you in a few poor words for your  
generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon,"  
answered the child. "He is the owner of all  
the mills about here. If you would like, I  
will ask him to give you a place; and there  
is a school at night for the hands, so you  
can study, too."

"If I would like!"  
It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-  
thorne needed no other words. She knew  
that a great lump in his throat had choked  
his further utterance, and that he had turned  
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,  
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man  
among men. He found a place in the night  
school, too. Nor did his young patroness  
forget him. In some way she discovered  
the books he needed, and lent them to him  
until he grew to associate with every  
good thing of his new life. One morning  
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,  
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many  
years. When I come back, I hope to find  
you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I  
wanted to tell you that if you wished any  
books from the library I would leave this  
key with you, and you might come up and  
get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her  
face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,  
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed  
to roll between them. She was going away  
for years—who had saved him from death,  
or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt,  
as, without a single word of thanks, he  
snatched the key and hastened from her  
presence.

She could not know that he went out to  
throw himself, face downward, on the  
ground, and sob out like a very child in his  
heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and  
Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth  
winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had

her homeward way, and he had attained the  
position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection,  
after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often say,  
on receiving congratulations on the efficiency  
of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap  
or kind message from his daughter's letters,  
but Alex received them all in silence. He  
had lost the little golden-haired child for-  
ever. She would return a woman, grown  
cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing  
to cast even a smile across the vast social  
gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few  
days on business—he returned to find a  
difficult piece of machinery about to be ad-  
justed in one of the mills which required  
his superintendence. Directing the men,  
he saw that not only his eye but his hand  
could do better work than the others, and so,  
seizing a workman's blouse hanging near,  
he slipped it on, and in another moment had  
his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he  
heard the rattle of a silk dress, and the  
silver rattle of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party  
were passing through the works, with one  
among them seeming a princess surrounded  
by her followers. The gold still flicked her  
hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of  
proud ivory. Time had not made her more  
beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among  
the little group of men, of which he formed  
one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she  
said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed  
on.

She had come home, then, during his  
absence. He had seen her. The seven  
years' waiting were over. What had they  
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but  
Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his  
face, went out silently from the mills. Not,  
as once before, to find relief in tears. He  
was a man now. He only knew that some-  
thing was bursting within him—a bitter dis-  
appointment, to which he could give no  
name, but which he could only bring out  
into the air and sunshine, lest it choke him.

Far out into the open country he walked,  
with great strides, knowing neither fatigue  
nor consciousness that it was unnatural that  
he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came  
a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside  
for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his  
halt in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the had had been  
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-  
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think  
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the little  
Helen looked at her mother, and the great  
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,  
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed  
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had  
reached? He feared to waken from his  
dream, and find himself again homeless and  
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, she closed his  
eyes, only to find the fascination of the  
present overcome him, and impel him to  
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-  
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the  
reality was brought home to him—when he  
discovered that it was life, not death, and  
earth, not heaven, and that he was to be  
driven out again into the cold and bitter  
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay mo-  
tionless in this warm, resting place, pictur-  
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until  
it became stereotyped both on heart and  
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a  
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last  
place," he said, "because I carried a book  
about with me, and the boss said it would  
teach me to dream instead of work. I was  
only trying to learn something in my idle  
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,  
and I didn't take my employer's. How-  
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.  
I started West. The little money I had  
gave out. The storm overtook me. I  
struggled on as best I could, until I grew  
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance  
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You  
know the rest. Now I am strong and well  
again, the storm is over, and I can only  
thank you in a few poor words for your  
generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon,"  
answered the child. "He is the owner of all  
the mills about here. If you would like, I  
will ask him to give you a place; and there  
is a school at night for the hands, so you  
can study, too."

"If I would like!"  
It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-  
thorne needed no other words. She knew  
that a great lump in his throat had choked  
his further utterance, and that he had turned  
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,  
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man  
among men. He found a place in the night  
school, too. Nor did his young patroness  
forget him. In some way she discovered  
the books he needed, and lent them to him  
until he grew to associate with every  
good thing of his new life. One morning  
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,  
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many  
years. When I come back, I hope to find  
you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I  
wanted to tell you that if you wished any  
books from the library I would leave this  
key with you, and you might come up and  
get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her  
face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,  
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed  
to roll between them. She was going away  
for years—who had saved him from death,  
or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt,  
as, without a single word of thanks, he  
snatched the key and hastened from her  
presence.

She could not know that he went out to  
throw himself, face downward, on the  
ground, and sob out like a very child in his  
heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and  
Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth  
winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had

her homeward way, and he had attained the  
position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection,  
after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often say,  
on receiving congratulations on the efficiency  
of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap  
or kind message from his daughter's letters,  
but Alex received them all in silence. He  
had lost the little golden-haired child for-  
ever. She would return a woman, grown  
cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing  
to cast even a smile across the vast social  
gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few  
days on business—he returned to find a  
difficult piece of machinery about to be ad-  
justed in one of the mills which required  
his superintendence. Directing the men,  
he saw that not only his eye but his hand  
could do better work than the others, and so,  
seizing a workman's blouse hanging near,  
he slipped it on, and in another moment had  
his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he  
heard the rattle of a silk dress, and the  
silver rattle of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party  
were passing through the works, with one  
among them seeming a princess surrounded  
by her followers. The gold still flicked her  
hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of  
proud ivory. Time had not made her more  
beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among  
the little group of men, of which he formed  
one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she  
said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed  
on.

She had come home, then, during his  
absence. He had seen her. The seven  
years' waiting were over. What had they  
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but  
Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his  
face, went out silently from the mills. Not,  
as once before, to find relief in tears. He  
was a man now. He only knew that some-  
thing was bursting within him—a bitter dis-  
appointment, to which he could give no  
name, but which he could only bring out  
into the air and sunshine, lest it choke him.

Far out into the open country he walked,  
with great strides, knowing neither fatigue  
nor consciousness that it was unnatural that  
he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came  
a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside  
for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his  
halt in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the had had been  
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-  
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think  
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the little  
Helen looked at her mother, and the great  
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,  
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed  
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had  
reached? He feared to waken from his  
dream, and find himself again homeless and  
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, she closed his  
eyes, only to find the fascination of the  
present overcome him, and impel him to  
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-  
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the  
reality was brought home to him—when he  
discovered that it was life, not death, and  
earth, not heaven, and that he was to be  
driven out again into the cold and bitter  
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay mo-  
tionless in this warm, resting place, pictur-  
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until  
it became stereotyped both on heart and  
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a  
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last  
place," he said, "because I carried a book  
about with me, and the boss said it would  
teach me to dream instead of work. I was  
only trying to learn something in my idle  
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,  
and I didn't take my employer's. How-  
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.  
I started West. The little money I had  
gave out. The storm overtook me. I  
struggled on as best I could, until I grew  
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance  
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You  
know the rest. Now I am strong and well  
again, the storm is over, and I can only  
thank you in a few poor words for your  
generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon,"  
answered the child. "He is the owner of all  
the mills about here. If you would like, I  
will ask him to give you a place; and there  
is a school at night for the hands, so you  
can study, too."

"If I would like!"  
It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-  
thorne needed no other words. She knew  
that a great lump in his throat had choked  
his further utterance, and that he had turned  
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,  
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man  
among men. He found a place in the night  
school, too. Nor did his young patroness  
forget him. In some way she discovered  
the books he needed, and lent them to him  
until he grew to associate with every  
good thing of his new life. One morning  
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,  
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many  
years. When I come back, I hope to find  
you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I  
wanted to tell you that if you wished any  
books from the library I would leave this  
key with you, and you might come up and  
get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her  
face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,  
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed  
to roll between them. She was going away  
for years—who had saved him from death,  
or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt,  
as, without a single word of thanks, he  
snatched the key and hastened from her  
presence.

She could not know that he went out to  
throw himself, face downward, on the  
ground, and sob out like a very child in his  
heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and  
Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth  
winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had

her homeward way, and he had attained the  
position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection,  
after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often say,  
on receiving congratulations on the efficiency  
of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap  
or kind message from his daughter's letters,  
but Alex received them all in silence. He  
had lost the little golden-haired child for-  
ever. She would return a woman, grown  
cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing  
to cast even a smile across the vast social  
gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few  
days on business—he returned to find a  
difficult piece of machinery about to be ad-  
justed in one of the mills which required  
his superintendence. Directing the men,  
he saw that not only his eye but his hand  
could do better work than the others, and so,  
seizing a workman's blouse hanging near,  
he slipped it on, and in another moment had  
his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he  
heard the rattle of a silk dress, and the  
silver rattle of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party  
were passing through the works, with one  
among them seeming a princess surrounded  
by her followers. The gold still flicked her  
hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of  
proud ivory. Time had not made her more  
beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among  
the little group of men, of which he formed  
one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she  
said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed  
on.

She had come home, then, during his  
absence. He had seen her. The seven  
years' waiting were over. What had they  
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but  
Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his  
face, went out silently from the mills. Not,  
as once before, to find relief in tears. He  
was a man now. He only knew that some-  
thing was bursting within him—a bitter dis-  
appointment, to which he could give no  
name, but which he could only bring out  
into the air and sunshine, lest it choke him.

Far out into the open country he walked,  
with great strides, knowing neither fatigue  
nor consciousness that it was unnatural that  
he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came  
a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside  
for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his  
halt in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the had had been  
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-  
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think  
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the little  
Helen looked at her mother, and the great  
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,  
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed  
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had  
reached? He feared to waken from his  
dream, and find himself again homeless and  
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, she closed his  
eyes, only to find the fascination of the  
present overcome him, and impel him to  
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-  
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the  
reality was brought home to him—when he  
discovered that it was life, not death, and  
earth, not heaven, and that he was to be  
driven out again into the cold and bitter  
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay mo-  
tionless in this warm, resting place, pictur-  
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until  
it became stereotyped both on heart and  
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a  
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last  
place," he said, "because I carried a book  
about with me, and the boss said it would  
teach me to dream instead of work. I was  
only trying to learn something in my idle  
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,  
and I didn't take my employer's. How-  
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.  
I started West. The little money I had  
gave out. The storm overtook me. I  
struggled on as best I could, until I grew  
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance  
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You  
know the rest. Now I am strong and well  
again, the storm is over, and I can only  
thank you in a few poor words for your  
generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon,"  
answered the child. "He is the owner of all  
the mills about here. If you would like, I  
will ask him to give you a place; and there  
is a school at night for the hands, so you  
can study, too."

"If I would like!"  
It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-  
thorne needed no other words. She knew  
that a great lump in his throat had choked  
his further utterance, and that he had turned  
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,  
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man  
among men. He found a place in the night  
school, too. Nor did his young patroness  
forget him. In some way she discovered  
the books he needed, and lent them to him  
until he grew to associate with every  
good thing of his new life. One morning  
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,  
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many  
years. When I come back, I hope to find







**THE WEEKLY VALLEY HERALD.**  
—rates of Advertising—

space	12 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 year
1 inch	\$75	1.25	2.00	4.00	10.00
2 inch	1.25	2.00	3.25	6.00	14.00
3 inch	1.75	2.75	4.00	7.50	18.00
4 inch	2.00	3.25	5.00	9.00	22.00
5 inch	2.25	3.50	5.25	10.00	24.00
6 inch	2.50	3.75	5.50	11.00	26.00
7 inch	2.75	4.00	5.75	12.00	28.00
8 inch	3.00	4.25	6.00	13.00	30.00
9 inch	3.25	4.50	6.25	14.00	32.00
10 inch	3.50	4.75	6.50	15.00	34.00

Legal advertisements, 75 cents per folio, first insertion, and 35 cents each subsequent insertion. Payment required on delivery of advertisement.  
Folio is 250 ems solid matter.  
Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion.  
Transient advertisements payable in advance.

**NEW BUSINESS CARDS**

**Hardware, STOVES & Tin-Ware.**

**MEUWISSEN & WIRTZ**  
BENTON, MINN.  
Successors to

**L. Hochhausen,**  
keeps on hand a large assortment of Agricultural Implements and Mechanic's Tools, Nails, Glass, Sash and Doors, and all other articles found in a first class Hardware Store. Will sell at a low price. Paul and Minneapolis Prices. Tinning of all kinds done on short notice. Give us a call before buying your goods elsewhere.  
—Peter Wirtz is also Notary Public. Insurance agent for Hail and Life. I will also give music instructions, by the month or by the hour.

**MARKET HOTEL,**  
Corner 1st St. & 1st Ave. North.  
**FRANK DANK, Manager.**  
Minneapolis West.

This Hotel has just been newly fitted up with all the traveling public and business men the best of accommodations. Good stables and an experienced horsemen are at service any time.

**FARMERS HOME**

**J. G. LOY**  
In Lange's old building near Minneapolis & St. L. Depot.  
THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**LUCIEN DIACON,**

Watchmaker and Jeweler.  
CHASKA, MINN.  
Dealer in Fine Watches, Jewelry, Clocks &c.  
Repairing neatly done and work guaranteed.

Shop on 2nd St., Their's old Store.

**PLATFORM BUGGIES!**

THE CHEAPEST & BEST MADE.  
BY  
**JOS. ESS, Chaska.**  
Also Agent for the Cortland, New York Buggies.

I have a supply of Lumber Wagons, and Single Wagons on hand of my own make which I will sell as cheap as the cheapest and warrant to be first class in every respect. I am also agent for the celebrated Cortland New York Platform Spring Buggy, just the thing for family use, which I will sell very cheap and warrant.

Shop above Barthel's Saloon.

**NEW BUTCHER SHOP.**

(Next door to National Hotel)  
Chaska, Minn.  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chaska that he will open a first-class Butcher Shop on SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880, and he invites the citizens of Chaska to call and inspect his stock and prices.

ANTHONY RURY, Prop.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE.**

CHASKA, MINN.  
JOHN KRIKOR, Prop.  
Board by the day or week for reasonable prices. First class saloon attached (Good eating and drinking to the premises). Travelers will find themselves at home with me.

**Chaska Bakery**

AND  
**Confectionary Store!**  
The undersigned respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of Chaska & vicinity to his BAKERY & STORE.  
Fresh bread every day and cookies of all kinds always kept on hand. Cakes, biscuits and breads furnished on order for weddings, fishing parties and excursions &c.  
Shop on 2nd St. east of Herald office.  
HERMAN ERREN, Prop.

**Chaska Valley Flouring Mill**

—J. G. Eitle—  
Custom work promptly attended to. Flour, and all kinds feed for sale at the Mill.

# The Weekly Valley Herald.

**A. I. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.**

VOLUME 18

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 10 1880

NUMBER 30

**The Valley Herald.**  
Official County Paper.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**A. I. DU TOIT, F. R. DU TOIT & C. L. BAXTER**  
Editors and Publishers.

**COUNTY OFFICERS:**

Treasurer—Peter Weego.  
Auditor—L. Streukens.  
Register of Deeds—F. Greiner.  
Sheriff—F. B. Du Toit.  
Clerk of Court—G. Krugenhuth.  
Attorney—W. C. Odell.  
Surveyor—J. O. Brunius.  
Judge of Probate—J. A. Sargent.  
School Superintendent—Geo. Mix.  
Coroner—G. F. Lait Bach.  
County Commissioners—A. W. Tiffany, Chairman, Geo. Krugenhuth, Fredk. Hitts, H. Paulson, and Jacob Truive.

SENATOR J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, has resigned his position as United States Senator, from that State, alleging that he could not support his family in Washington on his salary. Jos. L. Brown, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

The annual meeting of the State Medical Society will be held at Albert Lea, June 15, 1880. The rules of the society will be read and their fifth and one and one fifth fare for the round trip.

**Hon. Henry Pochler.**

Hon. Henry Pochler, member of Congress, from this district has formally declined of being a candidate for re-election in the following letter:

Washington, D. C. June 1st 1880.  
DANIEL PICKET, Esq., Editor SIBLEY CO., INDEPENDENT.  
Many of my friends of the Second District having expressed through the papers and otherwise their desire that I should again be a candidate for Member of Congress; allow me to state through your valuable paper that I sincerely regret that my business interests are such as will not permit me at this time to accept the high honor of a re-nomination for the office.  
Very truly yours,  
HENRY POCHLER.

**The Old State Railroad Bonds.**

The following act recently passed the New York legislature, and was signed by Gov. Cornell and became a law on the 15th day of May. The intention of the law is to enable the holders of repudiated State bonds to enforce the collection of their claims against the States issuing such bonds, including the old Minnesota State railroad bonds. The law was passed without attracting the slightest attention, having been neither printed nor debated. In the case of Minnesota, however, the statute of limitations seems to bar the way to the consummation of this villainous scheme. The act is as follows:  
AN ACT TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZENS OF THIS STATE OWING AND HOLDING CLAIMS AGAINST OTHER STATES.  
SECTION 1. Any citizen of this state, being the owner and holder of any valid claims against any of the United States of America, arising upon a written obligation to pay money, made, executed, and delivered by such state, which obligation shall be past due and unpaid, may assign the same to the State of New York, and deliver the assignments thereof to the attorney general of the State. Such assignment shall be in writing, and shall be duly acknowledged before an officer authorized to take acknowledgments of deeds, and the certificate of such acknowledgment shall be duly endorsed upon such assignment before the delivery thereof. Every such assignment shall contain a guarantee, on the part of the assignor, of the existence of the collection of such claim, and it shall be the duty of the attorney general, on receiving such assignment, to require on behalf of the assignee, such security for said guarantee as he shall deem adequate.  
SEC. 2. Upon the execution and delivery of such assignment in the manner provided for in section 1 of this act, and the delivery of such claim to him, the attorney general shall bring and prosecute such action or proceeding, in the name of the State of New York, as shall be necessary for the recovery of the money due on such claim, and the said attorney general shall prosecute such action or proceeding to final judgment, and shall take such proceedings after judgment as may be necessary to enforce the same.  
SEC. 3. The attorney general shall forth with deliver to the treasurer of the State, for the use of such assignor, all moneys collected upon such claim, first deducting therefrom all expenses incurred by him in the collection thereof, and said assignor, or his legal representatives, shall be paid such moneys by said treasurer, upon producing the check or draft therefor of the attorney general to his or their order, and proof of his or their identity.  
SEC. 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

**JOHN KRIKOR, Prop.**

Board by the day or week for reasonable prices. First class saloon attached (Good eating and drinking to the premises). Travelers will find themselves at home with me.

**Chaska Bakery**

AND  
**Confectionary Store!**  
The undersigned respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of Chaska & vicinity to his BAKERY & STORE.  
Fresh bread every day and cookies of all kinds always kept on hand. Cakes, biscuits and breads furnished on order for weddings, fishing parties and excursions &c.  
Shop on 2nd St. east of Herald office.  
HERMAN ERREN, Prop.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE.**

CHASKA, MINN.  
JOHN KRIKOR, Prop.  
Board by the day or week for reasonable prices. First class saloon attached (Good eating and drinking to the premises). Travelers will find themselves at home with me.

**Chaska Bakery**

AND  
**Confectionary Store!**  
The undersigned respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of Chaska & vicinity to his BAKERY & STORE.  
Fresh bread every day and cookies of all kinds always kept on hand. Cakes, biscuits and breads furnished on order for weddings, fishing parties and excursions &c.  
Shop on 2nd St. east of Herald office.  
HERMAN ERREN, Prop.

**Chaska Valley Flouring Mill**

—J. G. Eitle—  
Custom work promptly attended to. Flour, and all kinds feed for sale at the Mill.

**JAS. A. GARFIELD.**

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

Chester A. Arthur, for Vice President.  
James A. Garfield, U. S. Senator of Ohio, was nominated by the Republican National Convention, for President on the 33 ballot, by vote of 309, against 206 for Gen. Grant.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was nominated for Vice President, on the first ballot, defeating E. B. Washburne.

**THE STORM.**

The most terrific storm ever witnessed in this section of the country passed over on Saturday. The rain fell in such torrents that it was impossible to see but a short distance, and continued to fall for an hour and twenty minutes. It so swelled the small streams as to cause the highest water known here in many years. Streams that were all but dry turned into madly rushing torrents, and swept away everything in their course. Bridges that were considered strong enough to withstand almost anything, were swept away as if they were but paper pellets.

The road bridge between Chaska and Carver was undermined and entirely demolished. It will, however, be immediately rebuilt by the town of Chaska at a cost of about \$800.

Most all the bridges on the roads leading into Chaska were swept away, which makes it almost impossible for the farmers to come to town. However, work has commenced on most of the roads and they will be in passable condition in a short time.

The railroad bridges were damaged to such an extent that the trains on the Hastings & Dakota Railway were delayed over 24 hours.

**LAKETOWN, June 10th 1880.**

Not a few of our citizens strongly dislike the fact that one from another town should have been appointed to take our census, in the person of D. H. Foley, Esq. There is decidedly more than a corporal's guard of intelligent and most worthy people in our midst, any one of whom could have fully met all the requirements requisite for a proper discharge of the duties of Census taker. The writer utterly disclaims all merely personal feeling in the matter, as such a job has no charms for him; besides, other matters take up much time, and I am only reflecting the sentiments of others, when it is stated that the applicant best qualified on us by Hancock is not at all competent. Granting that one or two persons did refuse to take our census, are there not others who would gladly have accepted the offer. Some agree there must be a rabbit in the woodpile. Very likely!

**MATTHIAS H. MUIRES.**

NOTARY PUBLIC.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.

Chaska, Minn.

Taxes paid for non residents, also agent for the North German Lloyd Steam Ship.

OFFICE OVER HERALD OFFICE.

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, In Probate Court.

Special term May 31 1880.

On reading and filing the petition of John Krien of collegium representing among other things that Nicholas Krien late of Chaska on the 23rd day of Dec. A. D. 1878 at said Co. at the time of his death leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county and that the said petitioner is next of kin and creditor of said estate he prays that administration of said estate be to him granted. It is ordered that said petition be heard before the judge of said court on the 21th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co. Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Valley Herald three weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska May 31, 1880.

By the Court, J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Carver, In Probate Court.

Special term May 18th 1880.

On reading and filing the petition of Christina Senelbach setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to her hands, and the disposition thereof, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the same, and praying that license be to her granted to sell all of the same, and it appearing that said petition is not contrary to law, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same to sell all of said real estate. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the judge of said court on the 21th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in Chaska in said County then and there to show cause, if any they have, why a license should not be granted to said Christina Senelbach administratrix to sell said real estate at private sale according to the prayer of said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before the said day of hearing in the Valley Herald a Weekly newspaper printed and published at Chaska in said County, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county at least fourteen days before said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska the 18th day of May, 1880.

By the Court, J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Carver, In Probate Court.

Special term May 18th 1880.

On reading and filing the petition of Christina Senelbach setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to her hands, and the disposition thereof, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the same, and praying that license be to her granted to sell all of the same, and it appearing that said petition is not contrary to law, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same to sell all of said real estate. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the judge of said court on the 21th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in Chaska in said County then and there to show cause, if any they have, why a license should not be granted to said Christina Senelbach administratrix to sell said real estate at private sale according to the prayer of said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before the said day of hearing in the Valley Herald a Weekly newspaper printed and published at Chaska in said County, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county at least fourteen days before said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska the 18th day of May, 1880.

By the Court, J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Carver, In Probate Court.

Special term May 18th 1880.

On reading and filing the petition of Christina Senelbach setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to her hands, and the disposition thereof, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the same, and praying that license be to her granted to sell all of the same, and it appearing that said petition is not contrary to law, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same to sell all of said real estate. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the judge of said court on the 21th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in Chaska in said County then and there to show cause, if any they have, why a license should not be granted to said Christina Senelbach administratrix to sell said real estate at private sale according to the prayer of said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks before said day of hearing the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before the said day of hearing in the Valley Herald a Weekly newspaper printed and published at Chaska in said County, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county at least fourteen days before said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska the 18th day of May, 1880.

By the Court, J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

**Notice to Farmers.**

[Boys kept ready for business]

We the below named firm wish to inform the farmers of Benton and surrounding towns, that hereafter, until further notice we will grind for one twelfth of a bushel as toll instead of one eighth as heretofore. Our regular days for custom work are, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Of good wheat, every pound of flour warranted, money or wheat will be refunded if it does not prove to be so. Farmers are respectfully invited to come and be convinced. We mean what we say.  
Very respectfully  
C. KROENIGER & HENRIKSON.

**MILLINERY.**

and  
**Dress Making**

Miss KETTERER & NASSIE

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

a full assortment of

Fashionable Millinery Goods

of the Latest Styles and Patterns

Store on Second Street, Krugenhuth Bros. old stand.

Chaska, Minn.

**Railroad Hotel,**

(Opposite the M. & St. Louis H. R. Depot)

CHASKA, MINN.

**Andrew Riedele, - Prop.**

A large two story Brick House, with the best of accommodations for Travelers and Boarders. Good Stabling and Water on the premises.

WINE MEATS AT ALL HOURS.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the bar.

**REPAIRS BLOOD,**

A rapid liver and dyspepsia cure, for nervousness and irritability, and the kindred comes dull and cloudy. Persons suffering in this way are invited to try the ordinary purgative and purgative of life.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Tonic known, and it at the same time builds up and fortifies the system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion and cures dyspepsia. It is fast superseding all other medicines offered for similar purposes. It is composed of purest iron, sugar and iron. No remedy has ever gained such wide reputation in so short a time for purifying, toning and invigorating the system, and imparting cheerfulness, vivacity and buoyancy of spirits, as this sovereign remedy.

Manufactured by J. P. ALLEN,

Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist, 201 N. 3rd St. ST. PAUL, MINN.

**HENRY YOUNG'S STORE,**

SPRING 1880.

The people are respectfully invited to call and examine my New Spring Stock of general merchandise which embraces a full line in Dry Goods, Notions, CLOTHING, Hats & Caps, BOOTS & SHOES, and Groceries.

Chinaware, Glassware and Crockery, SPECIALTIES.

Mrs. H. YOUNG, Chaska.

**H. H. STRUNK & SONS.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS, SHAKOPEE.

SCOTT COUNTY MINNESOTA.

Save money by buying your white Lead Dry Paints, Oils, Glass, Wall Paper, Enamel Paints &c. at the Old Drug Store of H. H. Strunk & Sons Shakopee Minn.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, Sheriff's Office.

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John G. Mues, upon a certain judgment duly rendered at the Court House in the County of Carver, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, and in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 of south east 1/4 of Sect. 29, Township 18 Range 24, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska May 10th 1880.

BENJAMIN W. CAREY, Mortgagee.

W. C. ODELL, Atty for Mortgagee.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, Sheriff's Office.

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John G. Mues, upon a certain judgment duly rendered at the Court House in the County of Carver, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, and in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 of south east 1/4 of Sect. 29, Township 18 Range 24, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska May 10th A. D. 1880.

F. E. DUTY, Sheriff Carver County Minnesota.

W. C. ODELL, Atty. Atty.

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, Sheriff's Office.

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John G. Mues, upon a certain judgment duly rendered at the Court House in the County of Carver, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, and in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 of south east 1/4 of Sect. 29, Township 18 Range 24, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska May 10th A. D. 1880.

F. E. DUTY, Sheriff Carver County Minnesota.

W. C. ODELL, Atty. Atty.

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, Sheriff's Office.

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John G. Mues, upon a certain judgment duly rendered at the Court House in the County of Carver, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, and in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 of south east 1/4 of Sect. 29, Township 18 Range 24, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25th day of June A. D. 1880 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated Chaska May 10th A. D. 1880.

F. E. DUTY, Sheriff Carver County Minnesota.

W. C. ODELL, Atty. Atty.

State of Minnesota, County of Carver, Sheriff's Office.

By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the District Court, Eighth Judicial District in and for the County of Carver in the State of Minnesota, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John G. Mues, upon a certain judgment duly rendered at the Court House in the County of Carver, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, and in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south east 1/4 of north east 1/4 of south east 1/4 of Sect. 29, Township 18 Range 24, containing 160 acres of land more or less according to the government survey thereof, and will sell the same, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the execution, interest and increased costs as the law directs at the front door of the Court House in the village of Chaska, on Friday the 25



## Chaska Valley Herald

FRED. E. DUTOIT, Editor.

CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

### A KISS OF BLUE RIBBON.

A kiss of blue, blue as the sky,  
Fell on the brow as he kissed her;  
And I poked it up with my finger care,  
For had it not touched her golden hair?  
Next day I showed her my dainty prize,  
Not more blue than her shining eyes;  
To her star-awed face came the bluest hair,  
Oh, love—my love, how that summer passed!

With dewy mornings and purple eyes,  
And sunlight flickering through the leaves,  
While each glad day was a golden gleam,  
And in all the glamour of Love's Young Dream.

Vanished to-day is the summer's glow,  
And softly, so softly the flakes of snow  
Are falling over each hill and glen,  
And the dear old ways that knew us then.

But I hold you fast, sweetheart, to-day,  
Through the sides of December he chill and gray;  
And tenderly, as of old, I prize,  
A kiss of blue ribbon, blue as your eyes.

### "For Pity's Sake."

"Fred, Miss Houghton is to arrive this evening. Would you mind going down in the carriage to meet her? I can't get off myself, and it will seem forlorn enough to find only an empty carriage awaiting her."

A prolonged wail proceeded from the depths of the luxurious arm-chair into which the young man addressed (pretty little Mrs. Vere's bachelor-brother) had ensconced himself.

He was a handsome man of the blonde type, enjoying a few weeks' furlough from his army duties in his sister's home.

The latest man in the regiment he was called, but the bravest as well, with now and then a sudden light in his clear gray eyes which lent momentary insight into the hidden strength and meaning of his real nature.

"Miss Houghton?" he now drawled out, somewhat interrogatively, in response to the demand made upon him. "You mean the child's new governess, I suppose—a dame, spinster of forty or thereabouts; or, worse still, a young, gushing creature, bereft, in one fell blow, of fortune and friends. Seriously, Nannie, it's an awful bore, and considering that my captain's pay won't admit of any matrimonial schemes, I think, perhaps, it would be as well not to put false ideas in this young (?) woman's head by sending me to greet her."

"Don't go, Uncle Fred," chimed in the children, aged respectively six and eight. "We don't want any governess."

"Hash, children! Don't worry me, Fred! Do go, like a good fellow! I assure you, from all I hear of Miss Houghton, she is a charming medium between your two absurd comparisons, and will probably give you no second thought. Here comes the carriage to the door. Now, Fred, don't miss her!"

"No hope of that," he groaned, as he lifted himself to his six-foot stature, and moved leisurely to the door.

A half-hour later, the Eastern train came puffing and snorting into the station. Only a few passengers had this point for their destination. He watched them descend with calm indifference when suddenly he started.

A young lady, quietly but richly dressed, passed him, the light from the lamps falling full on the clear-cut features, and revealing their faultless beauty. In her arms she carried a little dog. She directed her course to the station-master.

"Can I get a vehicle here to take me to Mrs. Vere's?" she questioned.

"Mrs. Vere's own carriage is in waiting. Her brother, Captain Osgood, came down, expecting some friends."

"Then I will intrude upon them."

But at this instant the young officer stepped to her side.

"The carriage is at your service, miss. Pardon me, and allow me to introduce myself as Captain Osgood, Mrs. Vere's brother."

"I have heard of you," she answered, smiling, and disclosing two rows of white, even teeth. "I am very glad to meet you."

And, in proof of the words, she extended one tiny, perfectly-gloved hand.

"Cool for a governess, upon my word, and doesn't answer much to Nan's description," thought Mr. Fred.

But, notwithstanding, he felt quite warranted in meeting the friend advance so cordially, and soon, in their homeward journey, he was first disposing of what seemed to him an unwarrantable amount of baggage, they were chatting away like old friends.

When the house was reached, Captain Osgood withdrew. He would let the women meet alone, and not betray the momentary weakness into which he had been beguiled.

"Mrs. Vere is in the library, miss," proclaimed the butler.

The young lady followed him to the door indicated.

"Well, Fred, you were disappointed, after all," began the mistress of the room, without turning her head, as her quick ear detected the opening of the door. "Miss Houghton's letter, apprising me of her sudden illness and consequent detention, arrived just after you left the house. It was too—"

But her sentence remained unfinished, as some one stole softly behind her and clasped her tiny-gloved hands close over her eyes.

"Who can it be?" she questioned.

The hands were withdrawn. She looked up.

"Florence!" she exclaimed, and rapturously clasped the girl in her arms. "Where did you come from?" was her first question, she forced to ask.

Paris, dear. When I that you very much, I determined to take you a drive, and for me, it was Miss Houghton that I asked to become my wife, not Miss Maxwell, who has made of my love her sport."

He strode out of the house again, and was unconscious of the little

Mrs. Vere burst into a ripple of irrepressible laughter.

"Florence," she exclaimed, "he has mistaken you for the children's governess. What will he say when he learns the truth?"

And she repeated the conversation as it had occurred before his leaving the house. A sudden idea seemed to seize upon her listener.

"Let us keep it up, Nannie," she proposed, gleefully. "We can tease him to our heart's content. I will sink my identity in that of Miss Houghton, and persecute him with my attentions."

For a moment the sister's heart misgave her, but after all what real harm could it do her? and so it was agreed, and next morning the children were duly presented to their new governess.

They had anticipated her advent somewhat as a reign of terror. They now wondered, as the days wore on, why they had always heretofore been deprived of such luxury.

For two hours they were closeted each morning in Miss Houghton's own, pretty morning-room, the prettiest room in the house mamma had given her; but, strange to say, brother Fred seemed to consider it quite the proper thing, under the circumstances.

For two hours, then, it was their daily prison—but such a prison! Caudies and story-books were generously distributed, with but one prohibition, that when Uncle Fred questioned them about their studies, they should not divulge to him the fact that they were growing fat and lazy.

But Uncle Fred was too absorbed in his own thoughts to watch the children. For the first time in his life, he began to make serious calculations as to how far a captain's pay might go, and whether by any amount of stretching, and any improbable bachelor sacrifices, it might be enabled to supply two, when heretofore it had been considered wholly inadequate for one.

"I have sworn I would never marry an heiress," he said to himself, when the household had glided on without clanging for some three weeks, "but the world would consider me that despicable thing, a fortune-hunter, or that the woman herself might one day misjudge me; and I have sworn never to marry a poor woman, because it would entail too much mutual sacrifice. And yet, and yet, I wonder if she loves me—I wonder if I could make her happy?"

He had found, in these three weeks, the two morning hours of the children's tasks the longest of the day.

He had insisted that the governess looked pale, and prescribed for her a daily ride. She had had no opportunity, as she had laughingly declared, to persecute him with her attentions, but rather, as time wore on, to show them with a certain shyness, new and foreign to the girl's nature.

Meantime the conspirators sat in the library, scanning, with perplexed brows, a letter open before them.

It announced Miss Houghton's arrival on the evening of that day.

What was to be done? The arch-conspirators solved the question.

"Say you are displeased with me, and I will return to New York to-night. The new governess will arrive. His leave expires in a week. After he goes, I will return."

"Very like Victor Hugo, my dear," retorted Mrs. Vere, "as to the platitude of your sentences; but I fear it won't flow as smoothly as you imagine."

"What does this mean?" questioned Captain Osgood, a few hours later, of his sister.

"I hear the carriage is ordered for the seven o'clock train to take Miss Houghton to the depot."

"She is not quite my idea of a governess," he meekly and tremblingly answered Mrs. Vere, quailing before his pale face and flashing eyes.

He cast upon her the first look of contempt he had ever given her, and turned away just in time to catch the flutter of a white dress upon the lawn. Straightway he went toward it.

"I did not mean to be abrupt, Miss Houghton," he began, when, with quick strides, he had gained her side, "but I hear that you must find another home. Would you accept one if offered you—very guardedly your beauty and your grace, but guarded by a man's honest love? I love you, darling! Will you be my wife, and share a soldier's life—a soldier's fortune?"

The rich color flushed into the girl's cheeks, as she met the clear, frank gaze of the soldier's eyes.

Ah, she had meant only to play, but she, too, had been burned by the fire's fierce flame!

"You offer me this from pity, Captain Osgood," she said, in low, trembling tones. "I appreciate your noble generosity, but I must not accept it."

"From pity?" he questioned. "Do me pity then? Look in my eyes—do you read pity there? Listen to my voice—do you hear pity there? Let my past speak for my future. Has pity seduced it? Oh, my love, tell me that you love me, and you shall never more know what it is to stand alone in the world."

"Your sister has not discharged me, Captain Osgood. I have discharged myself," she said with sudden resolution.

And then, standing before him, she told him all the story. His face, as he listened, grew deathly white.

When the last word had left her lips, he turned and strode toward the house, leaving her standing motionless and alone. His sister met him in the doorway.

"Who is she?" he questioned in harsh tones—"this girl whom you have called Miss Houghton?"

She knew then that he would have the truth.

"It is Florence Maxwell," she answered.

"Fred, forgive me."

He laughed, a jarring laugh.

"Miss Maxwell, the heiress, oh?—the girl whom all men seek for her beauty and her gold. Tell her, for me, it was Miss Houghton that I asked to become my wife, not Miss Maxwell, who has made of my love her sport."

He strode out of the house again, and was unconscious of the little

And, at the sound of her voice, he raised his haggard face, with a groan.

The sight, the sound, overcame her senses. She fell on her knees beside him.

"You loved me for myself," she said. "Oh, Fred, I am so alone in the world! You said, dear, it was for love's sake, not for pity. Now, for pity's sake, give me the love, without which, I have learned, all my life would be poor and barren, but with which I shall be alone nevertheless!"

Then for pity's sake—only for pity's sake—but with a great joy in his eyes, he opened wide his arms and took her in.

### Our School-Days.

What one of my readers who has ever attended a boarding-school has not at the time, mature age of eighteen, expressed a desire to "leave school" and "see life?" And who has not, after a few years of business life, a wish to return and mingle with old associates, and ramble over the same well-trodden paths of youth again? I fear there is not one.

There are indescribable feelings linked with our school-days which, ever and anon, come like a stray beam of sunshine in upon the troubled sea of life. And in after years, when we have perhaps seen life in its roughest form, we revisit the old school-house, and walk along its deserted floors, lingering here and there as some old mark is spied, reminding us of some pleasant scene; and when we thus view them there come those feelings of loneliness, and when we ramble through some shady dell where years ago we shared our joys and confided our "secrets" to some rhye-checked little playmate, we live them all over again in memory.

Alas! where are the many faces we knew so well? They have drifted asunder; some lie beneath the sod, and nothing remains of their wearers but a few fond memories treasured carefully; some are across the sea; others, like ourselves, buffeting the waves of life. The little playmate, now grown to womanhood, knows us not; we are moving in a new world. We can never participate again in the old games of our youth. Then, my readers, let us, while we can, make good use of these fleeting moments. Let not an erroneous idea of life entice us prematurely from our youthful joys and freedom. Youth knows no cares! It is the old world to seek a living, then they come not singly nor in pairs, but by numbers. Never regret the time spent in study.

### Beauties of Manhood.

To the boy, the world beyond his immediate surroundings is only a picture. He does not know how real are the sorrows, the passions, the ambitions of men. Its absorbing interests, its heroes and its martyrs, are heard of by him without understanding and with indifference. His sport, his lessons, his home life, are alone real. But there will come a change. The ordinary slow growth into manhood, with its business or professional pursuits and widening relations, or startling events, such as the death of a parent, or some intellectual or spiritual appeal, striking out the latent soul, will make vivid and earnest what was indistinct and uninteresting.

Like a stereoscopic picture before it is put in the stereoscope, the life of a man has no body or reality; but when the boy awakens, as with the picture within the instrument, so with him, a solidity and naturalness will be acquired by the external world, and he will feel what it is henceforth to live and move amongst these grander and graver forms.

Many mistakes will he commit, false estimates will he form of proportion and perspective, the earnestness of his new conceptions will hurry him into extravagances and generous errors; but if there is truth in his nature, and nobleness in his spirit, just views will be formed, and the day in which it is given him to work will find him not unmindful of the responsibility which arises from a knowledge of the coming night.

THE COUNTERS OF STRATHMORE.

Toward the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Countess of Strathmore resided occasionally on one of her estates near Barnard Castle. She was youthful, accomplished, and very pleasant, and her wealth was almost boundless. The Earl of Strathmore had died while she was still young, and she had thus once more mistress of her own hand. Her estates were her own inheritance as Miss Bowers; she had not succeeded to them as the widow of the Earl of Strathmore. She had many admirers, and one of them, who was himself well-to-do, gained favor in her eyes, but an Irish Lieutenant in a regiment contrived by great ingenuity to supersede him. He had endured nuptial bliss before, and by a long course of cruelty, and ultimately by throwing her down a flight of stairs, had succeeded in disposing of his first wife and possessing himself of her fortune of £30,000. This he soon lost in gambling, and hearing of the wealthy Countess he contrived but too well to bring her within his toils. He waylaid her in London, he bribed her maid, he coaxed her friends, and ultimately succeeded in procuring the long-wished-for introduction. Being what is called a "sporting man," he was inventive, and adopted the following ingenious stratagem: He wrote scandalous articles in the *Morning Post*, and

### WOMEN IN COLLEGES.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes to that journal in regard to the effect of co-education of the sexes, and the result of the experience of the college at Ann Arbor, Mich., where the experiment has had a trial of six years. There appears to be no reason why the system should be opposed. So far as the health of the women is concerned, it is evident that study is not unduly taxing, while there is said to be not a few among the sixty-seven in the institution whose physical condition has been improved by the discipline of their college life. As regard to the social aspect of the experiment, this correspondent states that after the novelty of such companionship wore off, the young men and women took little notice of each other, and according to the estimate of Ann Arbor, there

### NORWAY.

In its general aspect Norway presents the most unpromising conformation of surface for farming operations that can well be conceived. Mountain ranges, with plateaus whose altitude precludes cultivation, and from which rise mountains that reach an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea, prevail generally throughout the country. Except in the south, the mountain tops are covered with snow, for the greater part, if not all the year; their slopes, when not absolutely inaccessible, are far too rocky and abrupt for farming settlements. The deeper valleys that intersect these mountain ranges, and which ramify with the conceptions of the hills, are channels up which the sea sends its tides; above the level of these fjords are other water-worn valleys, which convey the overflow of the mountain lakes, supplied by countless streams that in varying volume leap from the hills as waterfalls, or rush flaming down the mountain side—the impetuous primitive or metamorphic rocks that are characteristic of the country not permitting the absorption of the melting snows or the summer rains. There exists, therefore, a very extensive superficial area, that presents the physical as well as the climatic difficulties of a character not to be surmounted by the most enterprising cultivators. With few exceptions, the homestead of the Norwegians is built on the lower slopes of the hills, where, in fact, the wash of the rocky surfaces, in broken stone and silty soil, has accumulated to a sufficient depth for the operation of the plough; or on the embanked levels of loamy soil, the deposit left by ancient rivers, or when rich lacustrine alluvium is met with, or where cornices are grooved and expansive valleys, forming suitable sites for scattered hamlets and little farms.

### CORKS.

Many persons seek corks used daily without knowing from whence come these useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries in Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases.

When the bark is taken off, it is sliced in the form of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to the substance, that no effectual substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made corks of cork, which being spread on the inside with resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the seventeenth century, cement being used for that purpose.

### AN INGENUOUS DEVICE.

A capillary correspondence was recently attempted between a notorious Parisian thief in duress and his comrade outside. The prisoner was sent a letter from his fiancée, containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a book. The jailer did not consider the sovereign important enough to be delivered, but a few days after came a similar enclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the Governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book, it was only that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines of the page. Struck with the coincidence, he laid the hairs along the line of the page which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the smallest hair. After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined, an attempt would be made to rescue him. The Governor laid his plans accordingly, the attempt at rescue was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

### EARLY USE OF COAL.

At a recent meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Mr. William J. Buck read a paper on "The Early Discovery of Coal in Pennsylvania," which contained many interesting historical facts. The first mention of coal was in a letter from Mr. Samuel Tighman, dated August 14, 1766, which speaks of finding "an abundance of small coal in the Wyoming Valley, which may sometime be of great value." Obadiah and Daniel Gore, blacksmiths, first put it into use by using it in their forges about 1770. From the Penn manuscripts from which these facts are drawn, it appears that Pittsburgh was laid out as early as 1769, and that the existence of coal in the adjacent hills was known at that time; also the fact that petroleum, which has so lately been utilized, was known to exist in Venango county several years before there was any knowledge of coal. There has been much discussion as to who was the discoverer of the Schuylkill coal beds, the date of their discovery being generally set down as about 1780; but this discussion seems to have been unimportant, as a map dated 1770 located coal beds in Schuylkill county. The first successful attempt to burn anthracite coal in grates appears to have been made by Mr. George Fell, an ancestor of J. Gillingham Fell, at Wilkesbarre, in 1784.

### SCHENCK'S PAIR PUPIL.

A very startling case of veridancy and a confidence game on a new plan, says a Reading paper, was developed a few days ago, in which it appears that a young man had been cunningly induced to play at cards, and had been cleverly led to the extent of \$365.

People who have occasion to be on Penn street a great deal, especially in the afternoon, may have noticed quite a dashy sort of a man, in a pearl-colored overcoat and broad-brimmed fur hat. His general appearance did not indicate that he was a resident of this or any other city; but he looked more as if he had suddenly acquired a lot of money and had jumped from a country home into a city and a suit of ready-made clothes. He is medium tall, well-proportioned, fair looking and of a liberal disposition.

The stranger came to Detective Lyon yesterday and had a long confidential story to tell, winding up with the information that he had been robbed of \$365 in this city. The purport of his story was in the main that he came from Cumberland County, his native place. That he went to Harrisburg for the purpose of seeing the Legislature in session. That he had fallen heir to about \$5,000 by the death of an aunt, a maiden lady, and that he had taken \$1,000 in cash to go on a little excursion. Harrisburg, he said, was a gay place, and he spent nearly \$600 there in less than a week.

Becoming tired of the capital he resolved to visit Philadelphia, and he made up his mind to go there by the way of the Lebanon Valley and the Philadelphia and Reading road. His story ran, that he worked his way into the ladies' car somehow or other, and that he had accidentally made the acquaintance of a fine-looking female. She was going, she said, as far as Reading, and the Cumberland County man forgot all about Philadelphia and stopped here also. During the woman's stay the young man had called on her. They arrived on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday evening they again were together, and the woman seemed to be intoxicated. She exhibited plenty of money, and finally sent out and borrowed a pack of cards. It was not long before they began playing, first for wine, then for a dollar, and in the excitement of the game the stakes ran as high as fifty dollars. The young man stated that he had lost every dollar he had to his name before twelve o'clock Thursday night. He had a gold watch, and he was about to put that up, but he recollected that it was a valued present, and he stopped playing.

He said he loitered him up and he came to his senses when he realized his situation. He at once made up his mind that something was not right, and that the woman he had been playing with was a professional and by no means an amateur. He went to his hotel, and early the next morning went to see the detective to whom he had his money. He asked her for it but she had chided on him, and refused to have anything to do with him. In the afternoon, therefore, he called upon the detective.

After listening to the above narrative, the officer asked where the thing had taken place. They went to a notorious den, and upon the officer making his errand known, the man, without some hesitancy and reluctance, gave the money up—\$365 in all—and said she despised a man "who would squelch after losing money fairly and squarely." There were no arrests made, as the young man was satisfied that he had obtained his money, and did not desire to appear against her or have the matter made public.

### OUR BURGLAR INTERVIEWED.

Constant practice is improving our burglar, and he really is doing to make his mark sometime in the profession of his choice. An odd job of his, recently, was a bit of fun. He called casually at the residence of Mr. Nancy Poole, just north of the Hooker school-house, in Springfield, Mass., and after chatting pleasantly with the inmates of the house and rummaging around, took his departure without doing any damage. He did because there wasn't anything valuable enough to lug off in the house. He entered by a cellar-window, and first went into the second story, which was occupied by three boarders. He entered the room of one of the men, who, thinking it was a mate of his, said, "Is that you, Bill?" To which the burglar pleasantly said, "Yes."

Then our burglar went down stairs, and taking a box of letters, &c., from the bureau in Mrs. Poole's room, carried it into the kitchen and looked it over leisurely by his dark-lantern. The lady heard him, and supposing it was one of the boarders who intended to start off early, asked what time it was, and the man replied, "Three o'clock." He continued to rummage about the room adjoining her chamber until Mrs. Poole's suspicions were aroused, but he told her in answer to her inquiries that he was "Bill." He then coolly went up to the room which he had first entered, got a bunch of keys from the pocket of some clothes on a chair, opened a chest, and examined its contents, looked in a valise and scrutinized a closet. The man in bed suggested to him, when he was about half through, still thinking it was one of the other boarders, that the burglar had better light the lamp, which the villain did, and continued his search. Finally went down stairs in disgust at finding no booty, and out by the cellar where he entered. And the boarders concluded that it was our burglar, for there are tracks in the snow.

### A NOVEL REQUEST.

An old gentleman named March died recently in Charleston, who was a most eccentric genius. Though possessed of some wealth he had but one pleasure—that of theater-going. He would economize in everything else, but always treat himself to a sight of every new play or actor, good or bad. He left no heirs and few relatives, and his property was disposed of in several singular ways. The principle item of his will provided for the investment of a sum sufficient to realize \$500 per year clear, which was to be expended in the purchase of the old

### A DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Many controversies have at different times arisen concerning the comparative value of meat and fish food, and the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food-value worth speaking of; others say that fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well-cooked, with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food "only fits for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the man's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people. Let it be remembered that fish is a necessity of life in France and Spain, and as regards the latter country, a constant organization is at work in our own islands to supply it with many kinds of cured fish.

### A GREAT SWIMMER.

Captain Boynton, the American who jumped from an ocean steamer off the coast of Ireland, and swam thirty miles during one of the most terrific gales of the season, has been giving some very successful exhibitions of his swimming dress upon the Thames. Vast crowds of people line the banks of the river every time that he appears, and watch with the greatest interest his movements in the water. The other day he went down to Wapping Old Stairs and put on his swimming clothes, consisting of an india-rubber suit in two parts—one covering the chest, arms and back of the head; the other the legs and feet. This is put on over an ordinary suit. After being adjusted the parts are inflated by four tubes, and when full of air the swimmer steps into the water without the slightest fear. Captain Boynton raised his flag, ate his lunch, read a book, blew a horn, and went through a variety of performances, to the great delight of the crowds assembled upon London Bridge and along the banks of the river. He was loudly cheered. At Temple Stairs he came out for a moment's rest, without showing any symptoms of fatigue, and soon after plunged in again and started for Putney. The success of this swimming dress has been clearly established.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION?

Most of our readers will remember that Captain Murray, in the opening chapters of his novel, "Jacob Faithful," makes the mother of the hero perish by this strange and alleged catastrophe—the presumed fate of certain drunkards, and in which the body, supposed to be impregnated with alcohol, of itself becomes ignited, and slowly burns away. The occurrence of spontaneous combustion has been denied by Casper, the eminent German medical jurist; and M. Chassagnon, of Paris, similarly denies its existence. Spontaneous combustion was first noticed in 1692, and since then the few cases which have been recorded described the phenomena as consisting in the presence of a blue lambent flame, of a peculiar odor, and of inflammable gases. Various experiments convinced the above named French savant that the tissues, though steeped in alcohol, have no power of spontaneous ignition and combustion, and that, in all probability, the phenomena ascribed to this cause have no existence. Certain it is that the phenomena and symptoms have never been described, even in cases where combustion was alleged to take place, with that accuracy and *prima facie* appearance of correctness which we expect to find in scientific and medical literature.

### TOO LATE.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:

"A marvellous exhibition is taking place at the *Cercle Artistique et Littéraire* at Brussels. Some months ago Frederick van de Hock, the son of a corn merchant at Brugge, died at the age of ten and a half years. He had always been sickly, and was therefore not sent to school, but allowed to roam about. His chief amusement was to paint with such rough materials as he could produce. The paintings left by him, of which about one hundred are now exhibited at the *Cercle*, were discovered since his death to be productions which the best landscape painters of the age would not disdain. In Brussels, good judges of art are astonished that an untutored child should have equalled and even surpassed some of the most celebrated masters. In all of the pictures where there is a river, a little boy is introduced in the act of angling, representing, of course, the deceased. Large sums have already been offered for the collection, but refused."

Sitting after dinner, with open windows, a man in junk alongside said something I did not understand, when, to my astonishment, Baber took a header out of the window and went for that leather Chinese.

The man, however, escaped, and when Baber returned through the door, he explained that the object of his wrath had called on devil. Another man presently came, and, resting his arms on the window, stood calmly gazing at us. At last Baber politely asked him what he was looking at. Not in the least abashed, he quietly replied: "I am looking at you sitting down," an eminently masterful and very characteristic of the Chinese.

THE PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN EGYPT.

The Khedive has offered the post of Director of Public Instruction in Egypt to Mr. Edward Thomas Rogers, late Her Majesty's Consul at Cairo, and Mr. Rogers is now on his way to England to obtain the consent of the Foreign Office to his acceptance of this post. The Viceroy is very desirous that all the public schools in Egypt should be thoroughly efficient. He wishes the pupils not only to be taught

### AN UNPLEASANT RIDE.

The morning train from the West, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, stops at the Relay House daily for breakfast. Among the passengers on this train recently was a bride party, the principals of which had attracted not a little attention by their billings and cooing. After refreshing themselves at the breakfast table, the bride and groom went out on the depot platform and looked around. The bride was suddenly seized with a desire to ride to Baltimore on the locomotive; the newly-made husband endeavored by argument to deter her from such a rash proceeding, but he failed most utterly. The newly-made wife, as in most countries where language is power, came off victorious, she having, by her superior volubility, succeeded in convincing her husband that it was extremely right and exceedingly proper for a wife to have her own way, and ride on a dozen engines if she desired to do so. The lady was placed in the engine cab, but as there was no room for the husband, he was compelled to take a seat in one of the cars, where he remained during the remainder of the journey in no very enviable state of mind. The result of the "chin music" that had passed between himself and wife made him unhappy, and he considered it very ominous; so much so, indeed, that all his dreams of conjugal felicity were transformed and he felt in his heart of hearts that in all similar contests during life the superiority of his wife's tongue would carry her to the front with flying colors. While the happy husband was meditating on the remarkable change matrimony makes in feminine humanity, the wife was seated in the cab, half blind with flying cylinders, covered with ashes and soot, and altogether a more miserable specimen than the newly-married woman who had a few moments before been fortunate enough to tame her husband and could not be found. The rattling and jolting of the engine, as it dashed along at the rate of forty miles an hour, shook up the lady so effectually, that before the train reached Mount Clare, she became very sick, and the engineer was compelled to carry her into the tender. When the train dashed into Camden Station, the husband jumped off and ran to the locomotive, where he found his wife seated recklessly on a lump of coal in the tender. Her eyes were filled with small pieces of cinders, her clothes were begrimed with smoke and soot, and she was very sick. The meeting between the husband and wife is said to have been very affectionate, and a carriage having been procured, she was lifted down and out of the tender. The train having come to a stop, the lady's unhappy condition very much, and evidently considered the whole thing a huge joke. The lady was taken to the Hotel House, and, judging from her condition, she will not want to ride on as open engine for some time to come.















## Chaska Valley Herald

FRED. E. DUTOIT, Editor.  
CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

### First and Last.

"But tell me dear," she said—  
And coaxingly the soft eyes shone,  
And shyly dropped the modest head  
Beside his own—  
"But tell me, have you loved before?  
Or once, or more?"

The eager sparkling face  
Was full of tender, trusting grace,  
She did not fear his answer then,  
Her king of men!  
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,  
Or am I first?"

He turned his eyes away;  
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,  
Nor answered yes or nay;  
A blush confessed  
All in one burning word,  
Unsaid, unheard.

Quick came a burst of tears—  
A tempest from an April sky—  
And then, "Forgive my doubts and fears,"  
He heard her sigh;  
"Why should I care what loves are past,  
So mine are last?"

### The Engineer's Story.

On a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I accompany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the line I had been commanded to make.

After reading it, he touched his hat, and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as he could provide for the long ride which lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundering along behind us; and I could but look admiringly at the man who stood so unflinchingly at his post, and in whose hand lay in reality all our lives.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose keen gray eyes never strayed from his post, either to right or left, but whose cheery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which our stop at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes, to take in coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young woman, holding a neatly-covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years of age.

"Papa!" the little one screamed, in delight; and, glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me. "I have only one day a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here on my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my wife's smile in the darkest night, although standing alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fall from the wife's bright eyes as she fondly kissed her husband good-bye, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell you, but I'll tell you a few of the things that make up your work, that you have of much time to look down to mine. There are people who think such as we are no time to love, but you'll tell me if I'm wrong?"

"I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, but not neglecting my work when at my post, but fond of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right before we had gone far on our way."

"One evening, at a dance, I met Mary from town. She was the prettiest girl in those days, sir, and a little bit of a coquette in those days, though no more than was natural, and all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head."

"I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it didn't take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart, but only question was, Would she turn me right, or give me hers for that she had been? It was many a week before I got up my courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife. Every moment off duty would spend with her, until I grew to love her to watch and wait for my coming."

"But I was not without my jealous fears, for all that. How did I know how she spent the time, I was so constantly away from her?"

"At last I heard of another dance, to be given on the night I would be off duty. I could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure he would know I would come for her, and would go with no one else."

"But when the evening arrived, I found, when I called for her, that she had already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and you know a man destroys his future happiness by it."

"My first words to Mary were those of approach, while her smile at my entrance betrayed her and her face grew white."

"I didn't know you were coming, John. How could I?"

"You might have waited, then!" I exclaimed.

"And stayed at home, perhaps, to have had you laugh at me, with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my escort, and believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter."

"As you will," I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word "Good-night" between my teeth, and unheeding the little, pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of dissatisfactions with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not as before, for so-called good-will and good-fellowship, but to drown memory."

"I did not go near Mary for a month. To me it seemed a year. Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears my haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentant, to ask her forgiveness, and perhaps her love."

"On a long, lonely night I made up my mind to do this, though like a thousand mocking devils, memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though tanning me in contrast to her purity; but with God's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and thought the hours would never drag along, until I could find myself once more in her presence. She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—yet there was a change."

"Ah, I learned it, all too soon! In those first moments I told her the story of life for the past few months, of what it should be for me to know her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flush was in her cheeks, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her lips faltered not."

"John, she said, 'I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you—these a little tremble crept into her tone—but I have almost ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I would fear for you, and fear and love cannot go hand-in-hand.'"

"Stop!" I said. "Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be so cruel. Be my wife, and let me prove the stuff that is in me."

"No, John," she answered, softly; but the blue eyes she now raised to mine were swimming in tears. "If you have seen the wrong, surely you will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me, prove yourself a man. It does not take a professing man to make a hero."

"Prove yourself a man." These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopelessness. What hope had I in my daily routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of her words, something in her eyes had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my life."

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to O—We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red flitted on the track."

"I started my eyes—I saw my whistle. What could it be? Merciful heaven! An iron instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction."

"I whistled 'Down brakes,' but, as I did so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save at the peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that playing for you at home."

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind me."

"Take the engine!" I screamed to him. "Good-by, Mary!" I whispered low to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, man and child. No! I looked down. It was safe held within one strong arm, its red dress fluttering in the wind, its golden head close pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I cannot tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall."

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped, the passengers came crowding about, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I—stood dazed, bewildered, in their midst, the child tight-held within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this," throwing back his coat, and showing a gold medal.

"I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount, but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mother's grateful tear."

"The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to me, looking at it, than to me, who had no time to stop and think; but something more was in store for me. I was off duty, the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it all over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment, some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come to me from her own sweet will—some one who, from that moment, has been the sunshine of my home and heart."

"That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I trust I am not tired you."

But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand, whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo his Mary's words:

"It does not take a battle-field to make a hero."

### "Think of It, Hanner."

On the train the other day was a very comical old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed away five-fifths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont and were going to western Michigan on a visit to their son. After a little skirmishing round, the old gentleman pitched into me about the "crops," "sile," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada with them, told him to look out for the battle field of Braddock's defeat as soon as he left Detroit.

I was going to reply that the young man was an infernal liar, but the old lady seemed to have set her heart on seeing the spot, and the old man was so anxious, that I couldn't bear to disappoint them. When we got down into the woods I pointed out the "battle field," and they put their heads out of the windows, and took in the scene.

"Think of it, Hanner," exclaimed the old man, as he drew in his head; think of them Injuns creeping through them woods and shooting Mr. Braddock down dead!"

"My soul!" replied the old lady, seemingly overcome at the idea, and she kept her eyes on the woods until I thought she would twist her neck off.

We got along all right for about five miles more, and the old man wanted to know if we weren't down pretty near the spot where Tecumseh fell.

"Where?" I yelled, and he said that the same young man had informed him that the railroad ran close to the ideal spot where the great Indian warrior fell and slept.

"I'll be a powerful favor to me and Samuel, if ye'll pint out the spot," urged the old lady, placing her hand on my arm.

How could I go back on what that brazen young man had said? The old folks had made up their minds to see the spot, and if I didn't show it to them they might worry for weeks, and they might think the young man had lied, or that I wasn't posted in the historic spots of my own State. Lor' forgive me, but a mile further on I pointed out a hill and said:

"Behold the last resting place of the great Tecumseh."

"Think of it, Hanner—think of it!" exclaimed the old man; "right there is where they got him!"

"Mercy! but it don't seem possible!" she gasped, and she had to get out her snuff-box before she could recover from the shock.

The old gentleman said he had a particular interest in seeing the spot, because he knew the man who had killed Tecumseh—used to live right by him.

"He must have been an awful Injun!" broke in the old lady, "for the young man said he didn't die till they had cut off his head, and hands, and feet, and blowed the body up with a barrel of powder!"

I wanted to get away after that, fearing that something worse was coming, but she insisted upon my taking a pinch of snuff, and so I kept my seat. We were just beyond Brighton, when the old man came at me like a steamboat, with:

"Now, then, how far is it to the spot where they found the little Babes in the Woods?"

I wanted to get out of it, but how could I? That young man had deliberately lied to those nice old folks, and I hadn't the moral courage to tell 'em so, and thus had to make a liar of myself. It's awful to deceive any one, especially a good old man and a fat and motherly old lady, on their way to the tomb.

"That's—yes—that's the spot!" I said as we came to a dark piece of woods.

"Think of that, Hanner!" he said, his head out of the window; "think of them babies being found in there!"

"Yes, it was fearful!" she replied; "seems as if I could almost see them snuffing about in there now!"

There was another historic spot of which the young man had told them, but they had forgotten it and I was never more thankful. They had kept quiet until the brakeman yelled out "Lansing," and the old man bobbed up and exclaimed:

"Lansing—Lansing—why, here's where they hung Tom Collins, ain't it?"

He explained that Tom Collins, a Chicago desperado, had murdered eleven old women and drunk their blood for his liver complaint, and after being hanged for miles, and miles, had at length been captured at Lansing, cut to pieces by the infuriated populace; and then left hanging to a tree.

I had to point out the tree. It was a tree near the depot, and the tail of a kite had lodged in its branches.

"There's where they hung him, Hanner!" said the old man, stretching his neck.

"And there's some of 'is shirt left yet!" exclaimed the old lady, and I looked back at the car the good old man was leaning against, that he was going to ask the train boy if he didn't have the pamphlet "Life of Tom Collins," so that he could get some more information.

AN ACTOR'S MOTHER.

I remember a whimsical incident occurring in a theatre where the leading member of the company was celebrated for his magnificent physique. One night he was enacting Virginia, and his mother, who had never been in a theatre in all her life, happened on the occasion to be in the boxes.

Fresh from her native Yorkshire village, it will be readily imagined that she was somewhat bewildered with the novelty of the scene. When her son appeared, she was amazed at the grandeur of his presence in flashings, sounds and logs. His appearance caused a great deal of enthusiastic applause. When it had subsided, the proud mother, unable to restrain herself, and to the astonishment of all around her, said, "I'm so glad you like him. He's my son!"

The mother immediately became the centre of attraction, and one admirer exclaimed, "Well, Madame, you may well be proud of your son, for he looks godlike as a Roman." "I didn't want him to be a Roman. He would have looked splendid as a policeman,"—*Windsor Magazine.*

A boy being asked the meaning of the word amateur, said, "It was a man what slipped up, and wasn't jawed for it."

### Glass-Eye Trade of the United States.

It is not generally known that the entire glass-eye business of the United States is in the hands of one firm, Messrs. Theisman & Paulding, of Pittsburgh, and but few people have any idea of the immensity of their business. There is in the United States a deficit of some sixty thousand eyes. Of this number about twenty-five thousand make use of glass-eyes. To supply these "bully boys with glass-eyes," at least at a hundred specimens of optics are manufactured. Some rich, aristocratic old gentlemen have their eyes made to order. These are manufactured by hand with great care and nicety, a certain fire and vigor being thrown into them more than realistic. We know a Mr. Johnson who is greatly improved by wearing one of these glass-eyes. The young ladies date on him, and say he looks like a poet, "his eye with such fine frenzy rolling." Such are some of the advantages of a glass-eye.

The cheapest kind of eyes is the light blue. These are sold in large quantities. The poor people who cannot afford luxuries cannot have these, whatever the color of their natural optics. When a man has a genuine blue eye supplemented by one of a dim, dismal blue, it produces a weird effect. This strange appearance is still more when the black eye gives evidence of a glass or so too much of whiskey; its contrast with the sleepy soberness of the blue eye is apt to astonish a stranger.

Several years ago Messrs. Theisman & Paulding were burnt out in the big fire in Pittsburgh. The sorrow, the ruin, the misery this caused, can only be appreciated by a one-eyed man. Almost all had to content themselves with second-hand eyes, dim and considerably the worse for wear and tear.

A well-known merchant, of New York, who was wanting in optics dissected a doll of his daughter to procure an eye, so that he might appear in society decently, and a poor man in a very similar strait, made use of another large variegated crystal of which children are so fond. His eye of many colors produced quite a sensation, and Messrs. Theisman & Paulding threw a quantity of Dolly Varden eyes on the market, but somehow they did not take and become the fashion, and the cargo was an entire loss.

Messrs. Theisman & Paulding have almost entirely banished the French glass eye from this continent; the English eye never took well here, was never popular. They are now engaged in supplying the Chinese market, and have invented a new patented artificial eye just suited for the Mongolians. They are also patentees of the strabismic glass-eye, suitable for cross or cock-eyed people.

With each dozen glass eyes, a copy of directions how to wear glass eyes are sent. It is to be hoped that this book will be studied, as some of our best citizens display a disgraceful carelessness in the manner in which they wear their eyes. To be glared at by an eye upside down, is apt to disturb a man; indeed, it is extremely disagreeable.

Shooting a Stuffed Squirrel.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridge-wood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot an squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest hickory, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wandering through the woods day before yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll get him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man loaded his gun with great care and blazed away again. The squirrel stood this fire with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over on his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but fetching that squirrel. The third shot out the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was laughing and making a noise. A realizing sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of string, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he took to his heels, trailing a scolding more or less behind him. The old gentleman could not help relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will sometime be President of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Objection to Twins.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable gentleman of Concord, N. H., was riding over an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made for the seat where the gentleman was sitting alone, and was proceeding to stow herself, child and dog into the vacant seat, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, blandly remarked to the lady: "Madame! I have no objection to one baby in this seat, but I have the most decided objection to twins."

It is perhaps needless to say that the lady petulantly moved on to find a seat for herself and dog.

### AN IMPOSSIBLE DUEL.

An amusing story of an "impossible duel" is going the rounds of the salons just now. One evening recently three well-known officers, all of them "Comrades," visited the Theatre au Grand, now no longer the classic ground it was when Mozart and Beethoven gave their concert there, for in these days it is devoted to light comedies, provincial burlesques and sometimes also a New York has been called the "leg drama." The officers chose to disturb their neighbors by conversing in so loud a tone that a gentleman from a neighboring lodge entered the box in which the talkative officers sat and uttered the single word "Rabe!" which means peace, or "be quiet." Count S. immediately followed the retiring intruder and presented his card, demanding the gentleman's address, saying his second should wait on him in the morning. The intruder, evidently a novice in the science of "pistols and coffee for two," replied, "Thanks, Herr Graf!" and gave the required address. The following noon Count T., the second, of the district nearest given, was filled with dismay to find the gentleman of the previous evening standing behind the counter, measuring off a yard of tape.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the busy shopkeeper, "sleeve buttons, watch chains, suspenders?"

The dismayed nobleman replied not, but at last stammered out something of the previous evening's insult, that he came as Count S.'s second, but—

"Oh, so," said the shopkeeper; "I'll let his lordship wait to fight me, 'till my ally will be present of the house?"

"But, impossible!" exclaimed the second; "you are not a 'noble,' and our code—"

"Devil take the code! If Count S. wants to shoot me, why not?"

"Impossible!" ejaculated the second. "It must be arranged otherwise."

"Very good," answered the shopman; "perhaps you and the Count will meet me at—Hotel at 2 o'clock to-day, when I go to dine; your code don't forbid you to dine with me. Do come; I'll give you a grand dinner, and we'll talk over the arrangements."

And the invitation was accepted since the duel was impossible.

Singular Recovery of a Prayer-Book.

The Peckskill Messenger relates the following: "In the year 1862 a young gentleman of our village, residing in the South, was conscripted in the Confederate army. He had in his possession a book of common prayer presented by his mother in 1856. The corpse to which our friend was ordered marched for Corinth. After remaining in Corinth from March 2 to April 3, 1862, his corps was ordered to Shiloh, and before going into the fight the men were ordered to pile their knapsacks, with other surplus articles in a neighboring field. The action lasted from Sunday morning until Monday night, ending in a complete rout of the Confederates, when, of course, the knapsacks were left behind, the property of the Federals, and in our friends knapsack was the prayer-book. After a lapse of eleven years, a gentleman of our village visited Macon, Ga., with his wife, and while there attended a church for the purpose of witnessing a wedding. While seated in a pew, awaiting the arrival of the bride party, the lady picked up a prayer book to find the marriage ceremony and incidentally turning to the fly-leaf, found written thereon, 'Charles, from his mother, September 3, 1856; in the corner were the initials 'C. E. S.'. On the next leaf was written, 'Abner P. Whittle, Macon, Ga., 1865, given to him by a Yankee soldier.' The lady recognized the initials, and determined, if possible, to restore the book to its original owner. Accordingly, Mr. Whittle was awaited, and at first declined returning the book because it had been given him by a Northern soldier to whom he had shown considerable kindness while sick. Finally he was induced to part with it, and the book found its way to the hands of the original owner in Peckskill."

The Hoosac Tunnel.

On the first day of November the Hoosac tunnel will be formally opened for business, with such an elaborate ceremonial as the Massachusetts men delights in celebrating. The work of piercing the mountain has occupied fifteen dollars, and its cost has been twelve million dollars. Now that the end has been reached the business men of the State are anxious to know what is best to be done with the tunnel. Of course they want a direct railroad to the West, by which they hope to drain the grain regions lying about the upper lakes, but the question is how it shall best be done. Boston wants cheap coal as well as a chance to do an export business in grain. But it seems that she is greatly at a loss to know how to take advantage of her opportunities. She is too ambitious. If her citizens will confine their attention to building up trade slowly, instead of seeking to steal New York's commerce at one fell blow, they will best advance their interests. New York has nothing to fear from the Hoosac Tunnel, but will be the gainer by any increase in the business of outlying commercial suburbs along the Atlantic.

She Wanted Her Letter.

At the post office in Wilmington, N. C., a few days ago, during the distribution of the mail, and before the general delivery was opened, a colored woman vociferously called upon the Postmaster to hunt her up a letter "anyhow." "Mr. Postmaster, I want you to hurry up and give me my letter; I ain't time to be foolin' round here," said she. No attention, of course, was paid her, except by the crowd outside, who laughed and cheered her, while the clerks within kept on busily distributing. Presently her attention was attracted to several persons walking up with keys, opening some of the boxes and taking out mail matter. This set her off again. "Look here, I want my letters; here's dese rich white people kin come an' open dem little windows, an' get dere letters an' you won't give me mine." "You'll have to wait till the general delivery is open," said one of the bystanders. "Well, dat's what I call injustice," said the woman, "let some folks have dere letters an' dem make some wait; an' 'sposin' I ain't got any letter—say now—let 'em look over dem letters an' see if I ain't got one."

### The German Printer.

The scene is a printing office of a German newspaper in a Canadian city. A number of printers are at work at the type cases when another person, evidently also a German, enters. He has rather an intelligent face, but it has a very melancholy expression. This is at once noticed by several of the printers.

"You think I look sad," said he. "No man ever looked more so!" returned one of his fellow printers. "What is the matter?"

"I've had a bad dream," said the individual of the rueful countenance. "I'll tell you about it—perhaps I shall feel better then."

"Tell us—please tell us," was the general shout.

"Well, the last time I slept," continued the printer, "I began to dream, and saw that something was passing before me. At first I could not make out what it was. It seemed to be black in every part, but was moving. I stared at it, and as I did so, a faint glimmer of light appeared, and I made out that the object was a hearse, containing a coffin. I now saw that it was drawn by two black horses, covered with black palls and with tall black plumes on their heads. Looked closer, I saw a man on the coffin that I could make out plainly, and there was a date."

"The man stopped, and the eyes that were intensely bent upon him saw that he was pallid as a corpse."

"Whose name was there?" demanded one of the now excited group.

"My own."

"Horrible!" cried the previous speaker with a shudder.

"On the coffin I read the words 'Charles Boehler, July 10.' I screamed with horror. I tried to turn away, but I could not. My gaze was fixed upon the terrible thing, beyond my power to remove it. Slowly, as if passing to the grave, the hearse moved on. Still my eyes followed it. Then I saw it go into a grave yard, and there invisible hands placed the coffin in a new-made grave. Friends, how do you interpret this fearful dream?"

He looked from face to face. But they were all sad like his own.

"Have you no answer for me?" he asked. "Ah, you all believe as I do, that this dream meant that I shall be buried on the 10th of July."

Charles Boehler went to his own work, but he was too agitated to accomplish much. His companions said many things to amuse him, but he noticed that no one of them gave him any consolation in regard to the meaning of the dream.

From that time Boehler became a deep drinker. At all times he was more or less under the influence of liquor. He often alluded to his dream, and always expressed the belief that he would be carried to his grave on the 10th of July. That day came and passed. The men in the office had not forgotten the matter, and they offered Boehler their congratulations. On the 11th, when he came in, the foreman said, "Well, Charley, the fatal day has passed. You are alive and well. I hope there is nothing in your dream. Give up drinking and do your work as you used to do."

"Next year," said Charley, in a sad tone, "I will have a 10th of July."

"Then you will look forward to your burial on that day?"

"I do," he said with emphasis. Then he added, "Well, I've got another year to live yet," and the poor creature staggered to his case.

During the year he indulged more freely in liquor than ever. His work was much interrupted by his bad habits, but he was a good workman, and when at all sober, always had employment. It was seen from his every day conversation that he was brooding over his dream, and trying to drown the recollection of it by very severe drinking.

The 10th of July was again approaching. Boehler was laboring under the deepest excitement. On the 9th, in a fit of delirium tremens, he jumped from a third story window, and was killed. Strange to relate, on the 10th of July, just as he had dreamed two years before, a hearse, drawn by two black horses with black plumes and palls, was drawn through the streets of the city, and in it was the coffin containing the body of Charles Boehler. The funeral was numerously attended, for the dead man was much respected among his countrymen, and the strange circumstance of his dream was well-known.

"The printers in the German printing office," says a paper of the date, "are discussing, with bated breath and startled faces, a peculiar circumstance well calculated to send a nervous thrill through a superstitious body." It is all, "only a dream, but there is a marvellous coincidence in the case." A private letter to the writer says:—"I call your attention to the dream of the unfortunate German, as one of the most singular and startling that has ever occurred. View it in any light that may be given to it, by persons of different opinions and temperaments, it has a ghostly and fearful significance. The dream is too well authenticated to be disbelieved. In this community its verification is regarded as a most remarkable circumstance, and many who have before thought dreams to be idle, foolish things, unworthy of remembrance, now look upon them as having a meaning and influence."



# THE WAY BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES ARE SETTLED IN THE FAR WEST.

Cartwright and Wallwork were partners in a prospecting enterprise near Emmetburg, and had been working together for some time. They had at one time had differences, but they had been amicably adjusted. Fergusson was the friend of both, esteemed by both, and is Justice of the Peace of the township. Not long since Wallwork, Fergusson, and Charles Cooper, had just returned from Phillipsburg, and Wallwork and Cartwright happened to be in Fergusson's cabin about noon. Only the three men were present. Wallwork and Cartwright drifted into a quiet quarrel (something about the prospecting claim, we learn), and both drew weapons simultaneously—Wallwork a Deringer, and Cartwright a navy revolver. Fergusson interposed to prevent an affray, and caught the revolver, which was accidentally discharged in the scuffle, the ball passing through Fergusson's right hand, between the first and second fingers, breaking the bone of the first but not severing the tendon. The ball lodged in the door of the cabin. All three left the cabin, Fergusson going into Caplice & Smith's store to have his hand dressed. While the hand was being dressed Wallwork and Cartwright came together again in the street. Frederick Grant was the only witness of the first part of the second encounter. He says they were standing five or six feet apart, each armed as before. Cartwright said to Wallwork two or three times, "I'll riddle you for that!"—presumably having reference to the accidental shooting of Fergusson or the remark made in the cabin. Wallwork responded, "Come on," or words to that effect, and fired his Deringer. Cartwright fired his navy about the same time. Some say the firing was simultaneous; others that Wallwork fired first. Wallwork's Deringer ball entered about one inch below the center of Cartwright's breast. He fell, raised on his knee and fired two more shots, and fell over on his side with a moan. Wallwork, who had received in front every ball fired from the navy, turned back, when Cartwright raised a little, and fired a fourth shot, which also struck Wallwork. One barrel remained loaded. Six shots fired had each hit a man.

Wallwork received one ball, which lodged three inches above the right knee; one passed into and through the upper part of the left leg from the side, and two balls entered the right leg from the front, one fracturing the femoral artery (which will probably prove fatal), and one entering four inches below and to the left. Cartwright died. Wallwork had little chance of recovery. Both men were well thought of; were sober, not given to desperate deeds, and had been friendly. Both were glib. Wallwork was a large powerful man; Cartwright a small man; they quarreled, stayed with the fight to the last, bitter, desperate end, with weapons that neutralized their physical inequality, and both probably paid the penalty with their lives. Cartwright was a Cornishman, was about forty years of age, had been married, and has a grown son, to whom he will leave his considerable property; came to Montana from Colorado when Alder Gulch was discovered; has been in Henderson several years, and was well known and held in esteem by many people.

## THE BOSS MISER.

At Dunajewski, in Russian Poland, a man died lately at the age of fifty-nine in consequence of the cold, and of thorough lack of functional vitality; in plain English, therefore, of frost and hunger. He was a character of the district, when he was spoken of as leading a most original, not to say eccentric life. For many years he had lived in a room which was never heated, sleeping on a pallet of stolen stable straw on the floor. He subsisted almost exclusively on bread, which he went on foot several versts out of town to buy because he got it cheaper. He was, however, not a vegetarian. On Sundays he ate meat. The meat was liver, because, as he affirmed, his circumstances would not admit of his purchasing anything more costly. Yet he never asked about it, though he accepted them from his neighbor. He cooked his liver in a broken iron mortar, over a fire in a foundry next to the house in which he lived. He never treated himself to a candle, wore no clothes that were not given him, and never spoke to anybody save when absolutely forced to do so. Nothing was known of him but that he was a Jew, with some relatives somewhere in the district. As he failed to leave his room for some days, the neighbors called the police in. They found the old man dead. And the squalor in which he had perished proved to be the sort of covering a perfect mint of treasure. Hidden about the place were over half a million of rubles in gold and jewels, and as much more in paper. He had been an utterer of the most notorious character, under another name, in a town twenty miles away. It goes without saying that his relatives have shown up since his death.

## FRENCH MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

A Parisian matrimonial agency wishes to establish a branch agency in Rome, to tempt speculators in the matrimonial lottery. The *Papato Romano* contains several matrimonial advertisements. One young lady of thirty offers her hand and heart to any gentleman, no matter how old, provided he has sufficient means to support her comfortably. A gentleman of distinguished family, regular figure, and fifty years of age, desires to marry a widow or spinster, of similar years, promising not to be any burden in a pecuniary sense, to his wife, as he has sufficient means of his own. He likes the provinces better than the capital, and loves the country more than anything. His health is excellent. What woman can refuse such a model of a husband? Another gentleman, a foreigner, and, of course, of distinguished birth, is nearly sixty. He seeks an accomplished companion for the rest of his life, with money enough to pay for traveling in the summer months. In other respects he is moderate in his requirements, for he says plainly that he "will make no objection to age or deformity of any kind, provided the lady is independent and of a very affectionate disposition." A woman asked, indeed, have a most affectionate heart to be ready to love a wretch of sixty, who thus proclaims his willingness to marry a cripple.

## QUELLING A MUTINY.

A terrible shock or an imminent danger awakens the memory of things long ago and buried; and it would be strange indeed if, in scattering words of consolation among his wounded Finnish Guard, the czar did not turn back in spirit to another conspiracy attempted and detected in the Winter Palace fifty-five years ago, and to another signal act of devotion on the part of the Finland Guard.

On the 24th of December, 1825, the Emperor Nicholas, who had up to this time inhabited the little Anichkov Palace in the Nevsky Prospect, took up his quarters with his wife and family in the huge Winter Palace on the Isaac square. On the day following he received a secret communication from the sub-lieutenant Rostoff, which might well make him exclaim, "What a beginning of a reign!"

He was prepared to hear of a revolt breaking out in the south. His letters from Tauris had informed him of Colonel Pestel's conspiracy, the news of which had excited such a consternation round the dying bed of Alexander, the "well-intentioned," and had poisoned his last moments. He knew that some of the chief families of Russia were concerned in it, and that captains of frigates and colonels of regiments were bound by an oath to ask for a new Constitution; but he was not prepared to hear that a plot was ready to break out in the Winter Palace itself, and that the regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard that was on duty about his person had been canvassed for days to join in it. No sooner, however, had he read Rostoff's letter than he saw that not a moment was to be lost in getting rid of this armed band of conspirators, who were his guard and might very like be his assassins, even if the revolt were precipitated by his so doing.

The maneuver was carried out by Alexis Orloff, Nicholas's right-hand man, with consummate ability and corresponding success. A numerous detachment of the Finland Regiment of Guards was sent to the barracks in the dead of the night; the superior force overcame the Grenadiers, who left the Winter Palace without a show of resistance, the newcomers taking their places. This change—and curiously enough, if reports from Vienna are true, a similar change of the guard was made a short time before the late explosion, two companies of Cossacks making way for the Finland Regiment—was not carried out one minute too soon, for the next day the shell burst. And when the revolt had fairly begun, it was to this same Finland Regiment that Nicholas entrusted the fate of his family. Taking the little Grand Duke Alexander by the hand, he said:

"I confide my son to your care; it will be your duty to defend his life." The rough Finns, it is said, were moved to tears. They took up the child, then only seven years old, in their arms, passed him from rank to rank, swore to form a manly part of their bodies behind which he should be safe. All this must have come back to the czar to-day, the baby Czarowitch of 1825, when he thanked the Finland Regiment for their recent devotion to his person and house. It is another curious coincidence that the regiment of Prokhorovsk, which was nearly also playing an important part in the recent explosion, was next to the Finland Regiment, that on which Nicholas most relied in 1825. Of all the Russian Praetorians, this regiment, which goes back for its origin to the days of the great Peter, has been most concerned in Palace revolutions and in pulling down and setting up sovereigns of all the Russias. It was at the head of its first battalion that the czar went to meet the autocrats, having left the Finland Regiment to keep guard over the two empresses and the imperial family in the Winter Palace.

## A Sea-Sick Woman.

A lady from Salem, Mass., who has recently made the voyage to Europe, has written to her friends at home a graphic letter, describing her experiences at sea. The letter is published in the "Gazette," of her native city, and contains the following in reference to her sufferings from sea-sickness: "The ship labored so, and rolled from side to side, that I was unable to get out of my berth until I was in black darkness. The next instant she would roll so to the other side that the moon in the opposite horizon from my window would shine upon me. I was lame and sore in my eyes for keeps in my berth; my muscles were strained to acute pain; my finger-nails were broken off in my frantic grip upon my bed's edge to keep from being thrown across the room. No one could stand; some were crawling and some hunched along from one hold-up to another, whenever forced to move. Those two days our decks were swept with the waves continually. Every passenger was wet through at different times, and our state-rooms were flooded so that my boots sailed about the floor. It makes me awfully sick even to remember it. I felt like pulling Mr. W.—'s hair when I read his note that sea-sickness was influenced by the imagination. What was it that made a little dog so sick on shipboard that he crawled about whimpering piteously, exporting everything he ate continuously? Imagination? What a poetical temperament that dog must possess, with an imagination so vivid! If our voyage had been twenty days, instead of eleven, I should have died; not, perhaps, of sea-sickness, but of the consequent debility. I was weakened beyond what I could have believed possible for a healthful woman like myself."

## "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The Houston (Texas) *Telegraph*, of a recent date, published the following: Years ago, and yet not so many, for it has been since the war, some disagreement arose between a couple of married folk in one of the old States, and after much pain and suffering and public exposure of family affairs in the courts, a decree of divorce was obtained and they had stood at the altar of Hyman to be joined in union were parted at the altar of justice, to which they had appealed. Their way was one of great turned, and long years have gone and come since then. The husband and father traveled with his burden to the golden shores of California, and there no doubt, tried hard

to forgive and forget. The wife and mother, with their babe struggling with the skeleton of her deadened life, and in time to come to Texas. By some fatality the husband came to Texas also.

Last Friday they both were aboard the train bound from Galveston to this city. The little daughter, while looking curiously over the car caught sight of her long gone father. Before her mother could stay her, she rushed to him, crying, "Papa! papa!" The greeting of father and child was touching and beautiful. All the old emotions, all the smothered love of wife and child came back in an instant. "Mamma is here." And she led her father up to the astonished mother, and a poetic predestination was accomplished. They met and talked as of yore, and soon all was well with them again. Unhappened as by fire, they seemed to know each other better. The sequel is very soon told.

After reaching Houston, the services of Rev. Mr. Hackett were called for in a case obtained, the marriage vows resumed with a far better understanding of their nature and sanctity. And thus it is, "All's well that ends well."

## QUEEN BESS AT THE CIRCUS.

We were to perform an equestrian spectacle entitled "The Tournament; or, Kenilworth Castle in the days of Good Queen Bess." For the professional portion of the entertainment we had to engage the services of a large number of supernumeraries, and, of course, it was highly desirable that the Virgin Queen, who naturally constituted a chief attraction in the piece, should be well represented by a handsome woman of good presence and self-possession bearing. Walking down Duke street one day, I chanced to spy, serving in a fruiterer's shop, a good-looking woman who, judging from her faultless style while engaged in supplying her customers with the luscious fruits around her, seemed to be well qualified to sustain the regal dignities I had at my disposal. Entering the shop, I made a small purchase, asked a few casual questions, and then, as shrewdly as I could, introduced the subject which lay uppermost in my thoughts. At first the maiden was coy and required a little rhetorical pressure. So I pictured to her the beautiful costumes in which the lords and ladies of her retinue would be dressed, and finally described in glowing colors the gorgeous apparel that she, the Maiden Queen, would wear. My sartorial appeal proved successful. The lady consented to take the part—though, quietly speaking, I thought it was the "part" that had taken her! She attended a rehearsal, was highly gratified at the stage homage she received, and seemed carried into a seventh heaven of delight when seated on her throne, surrounded by her attendants, ready, like so many slaves, to do her queenly bidding. On the first night of the piece everything went well until the close. I had already passed out of the ring toward the front of the procession, and had retired to my dressing-room to prepare for the next portion of the entertainment, when suddenly Mr. Gimmet, the proprietor of our circus, rushed in greatly excited, and exclaimed breathlessly: "There's that stupid fool of a woman still sitting on her throne." I immediately hastened to the ring doors, when, to my consternation and dismay, I saw the Queen seated composedly on her throne; not a soul with her, and the boys in the gallery pelting her vigorously with orange-peel. I beckoned to her to "come off;" but she seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and sat stolidly there, occasionally dodging some of the larger pieces of peel, which threatened the integrity of her wonderful headdress, and the enormous ruff round her neck. My endeavors to attract her attention being fruitless, I sent one of the grooms to fetch her off her throne; and then, amid roars of laughter, and with greeting from all parts of the house, her gracious Majesty gathered up her royal robes about her, and made an undignified bolt out of the ring. An explanation of the "hitch" was afterwards forthcoming. Harry Gimmet—the brother of my employer—whose duty it was, as the Earl of Leicester, to lead the Queen off the throne and retire at the close of the procession, had, for a joke, whispered to her that she was to stay there till sent for.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## BRIGHAM YOUNG'S IMPRISONMENT.

The recent imprisonment of Brigham Young for refusing to pay the \$3,000 attorney's fees to Ann Eliza's lawyers within the designated time, terribly exasperated his faithful followers. The Salt Lake Herald, the Mormon organ, describing the scenes attending the performance, says that the court room was crowded with spectators, and soon after court opened the rush became so great as to necessitate the locking of the doors. Many who were unable to gain admission stood around the doors and windows, peering through the cracks and crevices, and catching a word now and then of the attorney's argument. Judge McKean having refused to allow him to retire during the arguments—as he requested, on account of ill health—President Young sat in court until he was escorted out by Deputy United States Marshal Smith at one o'clock. The defendant manifested not the slightest uneasiness or excitement during the proceedings and when he was adjudged guilty of contempt of Court and sentenced to fine and imprisonment he was not disconcerted in the least. Probably he had anticipated what was coming and was prepared for it. On his way to prison Brigham stopped at his residence, ate his dinner, procured such clothing, bedding, &c., as he required for a night in jail, and in the midst of a severe snow storm was then taken to the Penitentiary. Arrived at the Penitentiary Brigham was locked in the only cell at the institution with a dozen or more convicted criminals and men awaiting trial. However, he was held in that place only a short time, when he was furnished a room attached to the Warden's quarters, where he spent the night. Many of his friends drove out to the institution, and a considerable number remained in the vicinity all night. His prison quarters were comfortable, as such things go, and he was treated with such courtesy as the circumstances of the case would permit.

Present, says an old surgeon, is the art of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease.

## SCIENTIFIC.

The progress and improvements made in railways have recently been set forth most graphically in a paper prepared by Mr. Edmund Smith, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Thirty years ago, a daily traffic of twenty thousand tons, representing some seven million tons per year, was regarded, says Mr. Smith, as the maximum capacity of a double track road between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; now it has reached eleven million tons, without any means attaining the limit of its capacity. Again the cost of moving one ton one mile, under the most favorable circumstances, a few years ago was one cent; it is now reduced to one-half cent. These advances and reductions are attributed chiefly to the general introduction of steel rails, these being also furnished to-day at two-thirds the cost of iron rails thirty years ago. Mr. S. predicts improvements and advancements in railroad systems and economy in the future quite as pronounced as those that have been witnessed in the past; and among those anticipated improvements, soon to be realized, is the illumination of the main lines of railway at night by the electric light.

A Brazilian journal describes an improved kind of stucco, which, when mixed with pigments, can be polished to resemble marble. Gypsum, after having been calcined once, is immersed for a few minutes in a ten to twelve per cent. solution of alum, chemical analysis showing that plaster thus prepared is exceedingly pure, and contains but the virgin alumina or potash. A successful substitute for stone when used for building is a ten per cent. solution of sulphuric acid, the gypsum being placed in this after its first calcination, for fifteen minutes, and is then recalcined.

It seems that the introduction of magnets into the great grain mills of the West has furnished the highest expression of the genius of the inventor. The magnets, being placed in this after its first calcination, for fifteen minutes, and is then recalcined. It seems that the introduction of magnets into the great grain mills of the West has furnished the highest expression of the genius of the inventor. The magnets, being placed in this after its first calcination, for fifteen minutes, and is then recalcined.

An improved water-pipe, equal to a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch, is described by the scientific press. These pipes are composed of alternate layers of thin sheets of wrought iron, rolled in convolute folds, and cemented together by interlocking strong, durable, and cheap. No coal tar is employed in their manufacture. The strength of tubes made in this way is represented as wonderful, and this, together with other advantages, is regarded as insuring a valuable achievement in this branch of hydraulic engineering. The desideratum so long aimed at—that of preserving the iron from rust—is, it is alleged, being accomplished in this arrangement. No rivets are needed in the pipe, the bond of the assembly being stronger than the tensile strength of the iron, a six-inch pipe made of two thicknesses of No. 28 iron withstanding the great internal strain of more than three hundred pounds to the square inch, without rupture.

According to the *Traité de Médecine*, the process of brilliant relief printing is in no speciality of skill, merely applied to the printing of alken tissue. These being scattered over with lustrous points in relief, and of different colors so as to imitate embroidery. This style, which produces very pleasing effects in a very economical manner, has a most extraordinary demand. It is executed with a resinous material, either colored or left colorless, which is deposited upon the tissue in melted drops, by means of a pen or brush, the bond of the assembly being stronger than the tensile strength of the iron, a six-inch pipe made of two thicknesses of No. 28 iron withstanding the great internal strain of more than three hundred pounds to the square inch, without rupture.

M. DEXA, of Piedmont, writing of the laws of atmospheric electricity, states that the latter presents daily in that country two maxima following the rising and setting of the sun, at an interval of some hours, these two maxima being separated by a minimum which follows the passage of the sun over the meridian of the place. As regards the annual fluctuation, the maximum value of the atmospheric tension falls in February, and the minimum in September.

For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

NEW HOME. It will cost you nothing to try it. Send us your address, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The New Home," which contains all the latest information regarding the new home.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES. ON REAL ESTATE. THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York. Buy purchase money mortgages well secured upon Choice Real Estate at the very best rates.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has Not Read and Heard of the Following.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

RED RIVER VALLEY. 2,000,000 Acres. Wheat Lands. best in the world, for sale by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.

HOXSIE & JAGGAR, WHOLESALE FRUITS & PRODUCE. 14 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

TOOLS, MECHANICS TOOLS. Best Assorted Stock in the State. Full line of Brown and Sharpe's Machine Tools and

MONEY TO LOAN. ON IMPROVED FARMS. Create, Town and School bonds purchased. Loans made to and from Europe and on time, to suit parties.

BOSTON. The Koran. A curiosity to every one, and a necessity to all students of history or religion. THE KORAN OF MOHAMMED, translated from the Arabic by George Sale. Formerly published at \$2.50, now, beautiful type, new, out-of-the-way edition, price \$1.50.

SAPONIFIER. In the "Original" Concentrated Lye and Salts. Family Soap Maker. Directions accompany each box for making Soap, and for the best use of the Saponifier.

DR. A. H. ANDREWS & CO. Largest Manufacturing Co. in the World. School Desks and Apparatus. We continue to make the celebrated "Sutton's" desk.

CATHARTIC. Purely Vegetable. Cures all Biliousness arising on the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Warranted in all cases. Ask your Druggist for this Medicine, also for Circular. CURE OBTAINING CO., Sold by all Druggists.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. We will send you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to prove to you the value of our medicine and the power of our appliances.

KIDNEY-WORT. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. The Kidney-Wort is the most powerful and effective remedy for all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

AGENTS WANTED. Introduce to Farmers the best STOCK BOOK published. Agents are making \$10 per day with this book. Address G. W. BORDMAN & CO., 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. Galvano-Electric Plaster is a new and powerful remedy for all ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and earn \$40 per week. Guaranteed a paying situation. Address: J. E. WILSON, 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Important to the Fair Sea! MRS. WILSON'S MYSTIC PILLS. The body produces a certain amount of electricity, and this electricity is the source of all our power. These pills are the most effective remedy for all ailments of the body.

THOROUGH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

NEW HOME. It will cost you nothing to try it. Send us your address, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The New Home," which contains all the latest information regarding the new home.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES. ON REAL ESTATE. THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York. Buy purchase money mortgages well secured upon Choice Real Estate at the very best rates.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has Not Read and Heard of the Following.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

AGENTS WANTED. Introduce to Farmers the best STOCK BOOK published. Agents are making \$10 per day with this book. Address G. W. BORDMAN & CO., 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. Galvano-Electric Plaster is a new and powerful remedy for all ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and earn \$40 per week. Guaranteed a paying situation. Address: J. E. WILSON, 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Important to the Fair Sea! MRS. WILSON'S MYSTIC PILLS. The body produces a certain amount of electricity, and this electricity is the source of all our power. These pills are the most effective remedy for all ailments of the body.

THOROUGH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

NEW HOME. It will cost you nothing to try it. Send us your address, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The New Home," which contains all the latest information regarding the new home.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES. ON REAL ESTATE. THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York. Buy purchase money mortgages well secured upon Choice Real Estate at the very best rates.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has Not Read and Heard of the Following.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

RED RIVER VALLEY. 2,000,000 Acres. Wheat Lands. best in the world, for sale by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.

HOXSIE & JAGGAR, WHOLESALE FRUITS & PRODUCE. 14 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

TOOLS, MECHANICS TOOLS. Best Assorted Stock in the State. Full line of Brown and Sharpe's Machine Tools and

MONEY TO LOAN. ON IMPROVED FARMS. Create, Town and School bonds purchased. Loans made to and from Europe and on time, to suit parties.

BOSTON. The Koran. A curiosity to every one, and a necessity to all students of history or religion. THE KORAN OF MOHAMMED, translated from the Arabic by George Sale. Formerly published at \$2.50, now, beautiful type, new, out-of-the-way edition, price \$1.50.

SAPONIFIER. In the "Original" Concentrated Lye and Salts. Family Soap Maker. Directions accompany each box for making Soap, and for the best use of the Saponifier.

DR. A. H. ANDREWS & CO. Largest Manufacturing Co. in the World. School Desks and Apparatus. We continue to make the celebrated "Sutton's" desk.

CATHARTIC. Purely Vegetable. Cures all Biliousness arising on the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Warranted in all cases. Ask your Druggist for this Medicine, also for Circular. CURE OBTAINING CO., Sold by all Druggists.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. We will send you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to prove to you the value of our medicine and the power of our appliances.

KIDNEY-WORT. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. The Kidney-Wort is the most powerful and effective remedy for all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

AGENTS WANTED. Introduce to Farmers the best STOCK BOOK published. Agents are making \$10 per day with this book. Address G. W. BORDMAN & CO., 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. Galvano-Electric Plaster is a new and powerful remedy for all ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and earn \$40 per week. Guaranteed a paying situation. Address: J. E. WILSON, 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Important to the Fair Sea! MRS. WILSON'S MYSTIC PILLS. The body produces a certain amount of electricity, and this electricity is the source of all our power. These pills are the most effective remedy for all ailments of the body.

THOROUGH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

NEW HOME. It will cost you nothing to try it. Send us your address, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The New Home," which contains all the latest information regarding the new home.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES. ON REAL ESTATE. THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York. Buy purchase money mortgages well secured upon Choice Real Estate at the very best rates.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has Not Read and Heard of the Following.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

AGENTS WANTED. Introduce to Farmers the best STOCK BOOK published. Agents are making \$10 per day with this book. Address G. W. BORDMAN & CO., 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. Galvano-Electric Plaster is a new and powerful remedy for all ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and earn \$40 per week. Guaranteed a paying situation. Address: J. E. WILSON, 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Important to the Fair Sea! MRS. WILSON'S MYSTIC PILLS. The body produces a certain amount of electricity, and this electricity is the source of all our power. These pills are the most effective remedy for all ailments of the body.

THOROUGH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

NEW HOME. It will cost you nothing to try it. Send us your address, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The New Home," which contains all the latest information regarding the new home.

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES. ON REAL ESTATE. THE CORBIN BANKING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York. Buy purchase money mortgages well secured upon Choice Real Estate at the very best rates.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has Not Read and Heard of the Following.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, flatulency, indigestion, biliousness, &c., the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is recommended. These pills are composed of the most valuable ingredients, and are the most effective remedy for all these ailments. They are sold by all druggists and chemists.

RED RIVER VALLEY. 2,000,000 Acres. Wheat Lands. best in the world, for sale by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.

HOXSIE & JAGGAR, WHOLESALE FRUITS & PRODUCE. 14 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

TOOLS, MECHANICS TOOLS. Best Assorted Stock in the State. Full line of Brown and Sharpe's Machine Tools and

MONEY TO LOAN. ON IMPROVED FARMS. Create, Town and School bonds purchased. Loans made to and from Europe and on time, to suit parties.

BOSTON. The Koran. A curiosity to every one, and a necessity to all students of history or religion. THE KORAN OF MOHAMMED, translated from the Arabic by George Sale. Formerly published at \$2.50, now, beautiful type, new, out-of-the-way edition, price \$1.50.

SAPONIFIER. In the "Original" Concentrated Lye and Salts. Family Soap Maker. Directions accompany each box for making Soap, and for the best use of the Saponifier.

DR. A. H. ANDREWS & CO. Largest Manufacturing Co. in the World. School Desks and Apparatus. We continue to make the celebrated "Sutton's" desk.

CATHARTIC. Purely Vegetable. Cures all Biliousness arising on the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Warranted in all cases. Ask your Druggist for this Medicine, also for Circular. CURE OBTAINING CO., Sold by all Druggists.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. We will send you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to prove to you the value of our medicine and the power of our appliances.

KIDNEY-WORT. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. The Kidney-Wort is the most powerful and effective remedy for all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

AGENTS WANTED. Introduce to Farmers the best STOCK BOOK published. Agents are making \$10 per day with this book. Address G. W. BORDMAN & CO., 110 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. Galvano-Electric Plaster is a new and powerful remedy for all ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and earn \$40 per week. Guaranteed a paying situation. Address: J. E.



## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

### TRAVELLERS HOME.

Chaska, Minn.  
located between the Minneapolis & St. Paul and Hastings & Dakota Depots  
CORNER WALNUT AND FOURTH STS.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
Boarding by Day or Week.  
A CLEAN BED AND SATIS-  
FACTION GUARANTEED.  
MIKE HERLINE, Prop.

### BENTON

urniture Store!  
ols & Jorreson,  
BENTON - MINN.

Keep constantly on hand all kinds of  
mats  
bedsteads  
Bureaus  
Lounges  
Picture Frames  
Coffins, &c  
and will sell them at city prices.

### TRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Estimates furnished and all work  
promptly and satisfactorily. Store in  
Chaska old hardware store.

### EISELINE.

DEALER IN  
General Merchandise  
Waconia, Minn.

Goods at St. Paul and Minneapolis  
and taken in exchange for goods at CASH  
and prices.

### LAKE HOUSE,

A. F. SCHUETZ,  
Waconia, Minn.

A boat accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and those who seek. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Chequamegon  
Stable and water on the premises.

OS. PROGR. OLOF HANSON  
Enger & Hanson  
Painters and Builders,  
CHASKA, MINN.

will contract for buildings, such as dwell-  
ing houses, barns and granaries at  
very lowest living prices, and guarantee all  
work. We will also furnish all kinds of building  
materials and specifications also executed on de-  
mand.

### I. J. CHEVRE.

D FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.  
CHASKA, MINN.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE.  
In case of Mortgages—Frederick Drees, and  
others, have been made in the court of  
Chaska, Minn.

Gen Rosser informs us that he has over  
300 men at work on the H. & D. cut off,  
and that the force will be increased next  
month to 500 men and 200 teams. Board-  
ing houses have been built all along the  
line to accommodate the working forces.  
The grading will be finished ready for the  
iron by September first.

Dr. Small, of Excelsior, called on us last  
Saturday and brought us the gratifying  
intelligence that Mr Henry Aspin was rapidly  
recovering and was then pronounced  
out of danger. He was badly bruised and  
maimed, but fortunately escaped without  
being injured internally, as was at first  
supposed.

Ice House and Beer Cellar, Benton.  
B. Liverman, proprietor of the Chaska  
Beer Brewery, has made arrangements to  
build a beer cellar and ice house at Benton  
in order to be better able to supply his  
numerous customers in that town with  
fresh beer at all times.

Work upon the cellar will be commen-  
ced this week.

Veterinary Surgeon.  
Chas. May, Jr., of Chaska, wishes to  
announce to the public that he is prepared  
to attend to all sick horses or cattle on  
call. He was for a long time a student of  
one of the best horse doctors in the city  
of Minneapolis and guarantees satisfaction  
in every case. Office at his father's resi-  
dence adjoining the townsite of Chaska.

The HERALD office is under obli-  
gations to P. Finnegan, the enterprising  
machine agent of Chaska, for a keg of  
Liverman's best lager. The boys say it  
tasted O. K.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
In the matter of the estate of William Thome  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Thome, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway.

TIME CARD NO. 38.  
Taking effect May 30th 1890.  
Trains going South

Passenger (Morris Junction) 8.30 a. m.  
Local Freight 8.40 a. m.  
St. Louis Passenger 8.45 p. m.  
Through Freight 10.00 p. m.

Going North.  
St. Louis Passenger 9.40 a. m.  
Local Freight 9.45 p. m.  
Passenger (Morris Junction) 11.25 p. m.  
Through Freight

Chicago Milwaukee &  
St. Paul Ry.  
H & D Div.

TIME TABLE NO. 55.  
Trains going East.

Freight, 1.30 a. m.  
Mixed, 2.20 a. m.  
Express, 2.55 p. m.  
Freight, 3.40 p. m.  
Freight, 11.10 p. m.

Trains going West.  
Freight, 2.10 a. m.  
Passenger, 10.20 a. m.  
Freight, 1.25 p. m.  
Mixed, 6.35 p. m.  
Freight, 11.50 p. m.

FRED GREINER, Jr. Agent.  
S. W. LUSK, Agent.

### Here and There.

Rain!  
Rain!! Rain!!!  
The river is booming.

Bad weather for brick men.  
The farmers begin to complain.

Capt. Houghton has gone to Aitkin.  
Ice cold Soda Water at the Drug Store,  
Saturday was a lively day in Chaska.

The assessors have about done with their  
work.

The wet weather interferes with fishing  
parties.

Sewing machines for sale by Mix & Du-  
Toit, Norwood.

All are now waiting for the report of  
Tiffany, Missler and Gerdien.

The census enumerators find consider-  
able fault with the weather.

Six or seven brick masons are at work  
on the Catholic school house this week.

Paints and Machine oils a specialty, at  
Mix & Du Toit's Drug Store, Norwood.

The proceedings of the board of County  
Commissioners appears in this issue of the  
HERALD.

The census enumerators will soon be  
done, "then we will know how many there  
are of us."

Chaska town and village officers have  
been busy since the last rain repairing and  
rebuilding bridges, roads &c.

Mrs. Ellsworth, widow of the late Ezekiel  
Ellsworth, arrived in Chaska last week  
and will remain some time visiting old  
friends.

Sentenced to Stillwater.  
Ole Sandquist, of Norwood, was tried  
before the U. S. Court, at Waconia, recent-  
ly for making and passing counterfeit silver  
money. He was found guilty and the  
Judge imposed a fine of \$100, and six  
months in the State penitentiary at Still-  
water.

Special Agent.  
W. C. Breidenhagen, Esq., editor of the  
Carver Press, has been appointed special  
agent for the St. Paul Fire & Marine  
Insurance Company, of St. Paul, and will  
enter upon the duties of his new position  
on the first of August next. Mr. B. is  
thoroughly posted in insurance matters  
and will make a first class officer. We  
extend our congratulations.

H. & D. Cut Off.  
Gen Rosser informs us that he has over  
300 men at work on the H. & D. cut off,  
and that the force will be increased next  
month to 500 men and 200 teams. Board-  
ing houses have been built all along the  
line to accommodate the working forces.  
The grading will be finished ready for the  
iron by September first.

Rapidly Recovering.  
Dr. Small, of Excelsior, called on us last  
Saturday and brought us the gratifying  
intelligence that Mr Henry Aspin was rapidly  
recovering and was then pronounced  
out of danger. He was badly bruised and  
maimed, but fortunately escaped without  
being injured internally, as was at first  
supposed.

Ice House and Beer Cellar, Benton.  
B. Liverman, proprietor of the Chaska  
Beer Brewery, has made arrangements to  
build a beer cellar and ice house at Benton  
in order to be better able to supply his  
numerous customers in that town with  
fresh beer at all times.

Work upon the cellar will be commen-  
ced this week.

Veterinary Surgeon.  
Chas. May, Jr., of Chaska, wishes to  
announce to the public that he is prepared  
to attend to all sick horses or cattle on  
call. He was for a long time a student of  
one of the best horse doctors in the city  
of Minneapolis and guarantees satisfaction  
in every case. Office at his father's resi-  
dence adjoining the townsite of Chaska.

The HERALD office is under obli-  
gations to P. Finnegan, the enterprising  
machine agent of Chaska, for a keg of  
Liverman's best lager. The boys say it  
tasted O. K.

Death of Mrs. Augusta Oberle.  
The sad news of the sudden death, of  
heart disease, of Mrs. Augusta Oberle, wife  
of the late Col. Oberle, and mother of Fred-  
erick and Kossuth Oberle, at the home of  
her son Frederick, in Nobles County on  
Monday, June 14th, took our citizens by  
surprise and caused extreme sorrow, as she  
was greatly beloved by a large circle of  
friends throughout the county.

The funeral services were held in Chaska  
last Wednesday afternoon from the Morav-  
ian Church, the Lutheran Minister of Carver  
officiating. A very large concourse of peo-  
ple were present to pay a last tribute of af-  
fectionate respect to the lamented dead.

Mrs. Oberle was 65 years of age and leaves  
four children, two sons, Fred and Kossuth  
and two daughters, Mrs. John Meyer and  
Mrs. Otto Bureau, who have the sympathy  
of the community in their sad affliction.

Extraordinary low prices on gro-  
ceries at Streissguth's cheap store.

Marsh Harvester and Cord Binder.  
This celebrated machine is giving grand  
satisfaction in the harvest fields of Texas  
and New Zealand, notwithstanding certain  
bogus telegrams to the contrary which are  
being exhibited by agents for wire binders  
who were not so fortunate as to be able to  
secure cord binders to sell. The cord binder  
is bound to go to the front and farmers  
need have no hesitancy in purchasing them  
as they are bound to give satisfaction.

Mr. P. H. Finnegan of Chaska, who is agent  
for these machines, yesterday June 14th,  
put one of them drawn by a pair of three  
year old colts into Henry Hesper's field of  
growing rye, and it worked like a charm,  
never missing a bundle. The exhibition was  
witnessed by several of our citizens among  
others Henry Hesper, Henry Hammer, H.  
Brinkhaus and John Reus.

Mr. Finnegan has taken orders last week  
for these machines from Gottwald Buch-  
mann, Wm. Trickett, Frank Kunz and David  
Beck. The gentlemen are well known  
farmers of our County and are men who  
know what they are about, when purchas-  
ing farm machinery.

We understand that Mr. Finnegan intends  
to give a public exhibition of his machine  
at work in the course of a few days. Due  
notice will be given of the date and a cor-  
dial invitation will be extended to the farm-  
ers to witness the exhibition.

How to be happy.—Be virtuous, and do  
your trading at Streissguth's cheap store.

We see by the Mute's Companion,  
printed at Fairbault, by the unfortunate  
of that Institute, that Fred Beltz, son of  
Henry Beltz, of this city, is doing well in  
that Institute and is well up in his class.

Trade at Streissguth's cheap store.

## NEW STORE

### BENTON.

Kronschnabel & Sheahan.  
We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Crockery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1890, at 10  
o'clock A. M. at the court house in said Co.  
JACOB THOMAS.

Notice to Creditors.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Johnson  
deceased, the undersigned, J. S. Sargent,  
Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice to  
all persons having claims against the estate  
of said Johnson, that they should present the  
same to the undersigned, for settlement, on  
or before the 14th day of June 1







## Chaska Valley Herald

FRED E. DUTOIT, Editor.  
CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

### First and Last.

"But tell me dear," she said—  
And coaxing the soft eyes open,  
And shyly dropped the modest head  
Beside his—  
"But tell me, have you loved before?  
Or once, or twice?"  
The eager sparkling face  
Was full of tender, trusting grace,  
She did not fear his answer then,  
Her king of men!  
"But tell me dear, the best and worst,  
Or am I first?"  
He turned his eyes away;  
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,  
Nor answered yes or nay;  
A blush confessed  
All in one burning word,  
Unsaid, unheard.  
Quick came a burst of tears—  
A glimpse from an April sky—  
And then, "Forgive my doubts and fears,"  
He heard her sigh;  
"Why should I care what loves are past,  
So mine are last?"

### The Engineer's Story.

On a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I accompany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the rails I had been commanded to make.

After reading it, he touched his hat, and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortably as he could for me as he could provide for the long ride lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundering along behind us, and I could but look admiringly at the man who stood so unflinchingly at his post, and in whose hand lay in reality all our lives.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose keen gray eyes never stirred from his post, either to right or left, but whose chery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes, to take on coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young woman, holding a neatly-covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years of age.

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed, in delight; and, glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me. "I have only one day a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here with my milk and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Mary's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fall from his eyes, and I saw the fondly kissed her husband going by, while I had slipped into the little chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. You read so many book stories of the people who make up your world, that you have not much time to look down to mine. There are people who think such as we have no time to love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, and—would you tell me if I love you?"

"I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my work when at my post, but I found of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the sir always set me right before we had gone far on our way."

"One evening, at a dance, I met Mary Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of coquetry those days, though no more than was natural, with all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head."

"I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart. The only question was, Would she turn me, or give me hers for that she had stolen? It was many a week before I got up my courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife. Every moment off duty I would spend with her, until I grew to fancy she used to watch and wait for my coming."

"But I was not without my jealous hours, for all that. How did I know how she spent the time, I was so constantly away from her?"

"At last I heard of another dance, to be given on the night I would be off duty. I could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure she would know I would come for her, and would go with me."

"But when the evening arrived, I found, when I called for her, that she had already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys his future happiness by it."

"My first words to Mary were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away and her face grew white."

"I did not know you were coming, John. How could I?"

"As you will," I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word "Coquet!" between my teeth, and unheeding the little pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of disquisitions with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not as before, for so-called good-will and good-fellowship, but to drown memory."

"I did not go near Mary for a month. To me it seemed a year. Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears her haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentant, to ask her forgiveness, and perhaps her love."

"On a long, lonely night ride I made up my mind to do this, though like a thousand mocking devils, memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though taunting me, in contrast to her purity; but with God's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and thought the hours would never drag along, until I could find myself once more in her presence. She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—yet there was a change. Ah, I learned it, all too soon! In those first few moments I told her the story of the life for the past few months, of what it had been before I knew her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flush was in her cheeks, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her lips faltered not."

"John," she said, "I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you—here a little tremble crept into her tone—but I have almost ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I would fear for you, and fear and love cannot go hand-in-hand."

"Stop!" I said. "Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be so cruel. Be my wife, and let me prove the stuff that is in me."

"No, John," she answered, softly; but the blue eyes she now raised to mine were swimming in tears. "If you have seen the wrong, surely you will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me, prove yourself a man. It does not take a battlefield to make a hero."

"Prove yourself a man," These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopelessness. What hope had I in my daily routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of her words, something in her eye had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my life."

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to C—. We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red flitted on the track."

"What could it be? Merciful heaven! Another instant it was blown clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction of my life."

"I whistled 'Down brakes,' but, as I did so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at the peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that praying for you at home."

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind me."

"Take the engine!" I screamed to him. "Good-by, Mary," I whispered low to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, mangled. No! I looked down. It was safe. Hold! no one strong arm, its red dress pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I cannot tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall."

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped, the passengers came crowding about us, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I—stood dumb, bewildered, in their midst, the child tight-held within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this," throwing back his coat, and showing a gold medal.

"I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount, but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mother's grateful tears."

"The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, looking at it, than to me, who had no time to stop and think; but something more was in store for me. I was off duty, the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it all over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment, some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come to me of her own sweet will—some one who, from that moment, has been the sunshine of my home and heart."

"That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I trust I have not tired you."

"But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand, whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo his Mary's words:

"It does not take a battlefield to make a hero."

### "Think of It, Hanner."

On the train the other day were a very comely old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed away five-sixths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont and were going to western Michigan on a visit to their son.

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada had told him about the "crops," "idle," and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as he rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Look out Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place were they fit!"

### Glass-Eye Trade of the United States.

It is not generally known that the entire glass-eye business of the United States is in the hands of one firm, Messrs. Theisman and Paulding, of Pittsburgh, and but few people have any idea of the immensity of their business. There is in the United States a deficit of some sixty thousand make up of glass-eyes. To supply these "bully boys with glass-eyes," at least a hundred specimens of optics are manufactured. Some of the aristocratic old gentlemen have their eyes made to order. These are manufactured by hand with great care and nicety, a certain fire and vigor being thrown into them more than realistic. We know a Mr. Johnson who is greatly improved by wearing one of these glass-eyes. The young ladies do not mind, and say he looks like a poet, "his eye with such fine frenzy rolling."

Such are some of the advantages of a glass-eye. The cheapest kind of eyes is the light blue. These are sold in large quantities. The poor people who cannot afford luxuries usually wear these, whatever the color of their natural optics. When a man has a genuine glass eye supplemented by one of a dim, droll blue, it produces a wierd effect. This strange appearance is still more when the black eye gives evidence of a glass or so too much of whiskey; its contrast with the sleepy sobriety of the blue eye is apt to astonish a stranger.

Several years ago Messrs. Theisman and Paulding were burnt out in the big fire in Pittsburgh. The sorrow, the ruin, the misery this caused, can only be appreciated by a one-eyed man. Almost all had to content themselves with second-hand eyes, dim and considerably the worse for wear and tear.

A well-known merchant, of New York, who was wanting in optics dissected a doll of his daughter to procure an eye, so that he might appear in society decently, and a poor man in a very similar strait, made use of those large variegated crystals of which children are so fond. His eyes of many colors produced quite a sensation, and Messrs. Theisman and Paulding threw a quantity of Dolly Varden eyes on the market, but some of them did not take and became the fashion, and the cargo was sold at a loss.

Messrs. Theisman and Paulding have almost entirely banished the French glass eye from this continent; the English eye never took well here, was never popular. They are now engaged in supplying the Chinese market, and have invented a new patented aquiline eye just suited for the Mongolians. They are also patentees of the strabismic glass-eye, suitable for cross or cock-eyed people.

With each dozen glass eyes, a copy of directions how to wear glass eyes is sent. It is to be hoped that this book will be studied, as some of our best citizens display a disgraceful carelessness in the manner in which they wear their eyes. To be glared at by an eye upside down, is apt to disturb a man; indeed, it is extremely disagreeable.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return home. He has a mischievous rascal of a grandson, who would ever play pranks on him, and as he was wearying through the woods day after day, yesterday, the youngster got into the path before him and perched a stuffed squirrel on the limb of a tree, tying it fast. As the old man came near, the youngster showed himself and called attention to the squirrel. The old man looked. "Sure enough there is a squirrel," he remarked. "Be still; I'll fetch him." And taking careful aim he pulled the trigger. When the smoke blew away there sat the squirrel with his tail over his back, not in the least disturbed. The old man looked at the squirrel with great care and admiration. The squirrel stood this time with as much equanimity as the first, only his tail seemed to be broken and had fallen over his side. The old man was non-plussed. He did not, however, see his grandson, who was rolling in convulsions of laughter behind a convenient log. He had become warmed up to the sport and thought of nothing else but catching that squirrel. The third shot out of the cord that bound the squirrel to the tree and he fell, not with the usual heavy thud so well known to sportsmen, but bouncing several feet into the air. This aroused the old man's suspicions, and, going up to it, he found the true nature of the sell. His change of position brought him in full view of his affectionate grandson who was tearing up the ground in his effort to laugh without making a noise. A real sense of the situation crept over the mind of the venerable man. He cast his eyes on the ground; they fell on a piece of shingle, which he picked up, and approached the convulsed boy unawares, he affectionately fanned him a couple of times on the seat of his breeches. This brought the youngster to a perpendicular, and he lovin' to his heels, thereby escaping more lively demonstrations. The old gentleman could not resist relishing the joke, and tells the circumstance with greater good will than one would suppose. The boy is just ten years old, and his grandfather declares that he will soon be a member of the United States. He now has most unbounded faith in the ability of that boy.

Some amusing incidents occur among travelers by rail, and the following we can vouch for: On day last week a venerable old man of Concord, N. H., was riding on an Eastern railroad to Boston, when a lady entered at one of the stations with a child under one arm and a dog under the other. The car being well filled, she made the seat where the gentleman was sitting, and was proceeding to stow herself, when the gentleman, who has a great aversion to dogs, and who is a member of the United States, had no objection to one lady in his seat, but I have the most decided objection to a dog in my seat. It is perhaps needless to say that a lady petulantly moved on to find a seat herself and dog.

There is in the neighborhood of Ridgewood an old gentleman who was once a Nimrod among the hunters. He could shoot out a squirrel's eye from the top of the tallest tree, nine shots out of ten. Indeed there was no limit to his skill. He has been renewing the sports of his youth for the past few weeks, but as squirrels were scarce, and his eyesight was dim, his game bag was not well filled on his return







## ADVERTISEMENTS

### TRAVELLERS HOME.

Chaska, Minn.

ated between the Minneapolis & St. Paul and Hastings & Dakota Depots. ANTER WALKUT AND FOURTH ST.

### MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Boarding by Day or Week. A CLEAN BED AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

MIKE BIERLINE, Prop.

### BENTON

urniture Store!

Is & Jorsson, BENTON - MINN.

ps constantly on hand all kinds of

stades

Bureaus

Lounges

Picture Frames

Coffins, &c.

will sell them at city prices.

TRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Estimates furnished and all work promptly and satisfactorily. Store in

new old hardware store.

### EISELINE.

DEALER IN

neral Merchandise

WACONIA, MINN.

Goods at St. Paul and Minneapolis

are taken in exchange for goods at CASH

prices.

### AKE HOUSE,

A. F. SCHUETZ,

WACONIA, MINN.

est accommodations for Travelers, Fish-

eries and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is

situated on the beautiful Clearwater

Stable and water on the premises.

ENGR.

Enger & Hanson

penters and Builders,

CHASKA, MINN.

will contract for buildings, such as dwell-

ings, houses, barns and granaries at

lowest prices, and guarantee all

work. We also furnish all kinds of building

materials and specifications also executed on de-

mand for the Fond Du Lac Building Assoc.

manufacturers of sash, doors & blinds.

14-cm.

### J. CHEVRE.

SURVEYOR

FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

CHASKA, MINN.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE.

of Mortgages—Frederick Drows, and

sona Drows his wife.

of mortgage, Ludwig Drows, dated

February 14th 1893 and recorded

in the office of the Register of Deeds

of Carver and State of Minnesota

14th day of February 1893 in Book "K"

pages 181 and 182. The amount claim-

ed, and that is due on said mortgage,

late of this notice is the sum of Two

hundred and thirty-eight and 5/100 Dollars.

and premises covered by said mort-

gage are described as follows to-wit: All that

parcel of land lying and being in the

County of Carver and State of Minnesota,

described as follows: (1) of the village

road, (late Young America Station) ac-

to the plat or plan of the same on re-

cord in the office of the Register of Deeds for

Carver County.

one default has been made in the con-

dition of said mortgage, and no proceedings

at law have been had or instituted

to enforce the debt or any part thereof.

therefore notice is hereby given that by

the power of sale contained in said

mortgage, and therewith recorded, and pur-

suant to the Statute in such case made and

providing that the mortgagee shall be fore-

closed by said mortgagee, premises at public

sale by the Sheriff of said County of Carver

county, on Monday the second day of

August A. D. 1893 at ten o'clock in the fore-

noon that day to satisfy the amount due on

said mortgage and costs and expenses of fore-

## LOCAL NEWS.

### Minneapolis & St. Louis

Railway.

TIME CARD NO. 38.

Taking effect May 20th 1890.

Trains going South

Passenger (Merriam Junction)

Local Freight

St. Louis Passenger

Through Freight

Going North.

St. Louis Passenger

Local Freight

Passenger (Merriam Junction)

Through Freight

S. W. LUSK, Agent.

### Chicago Milwaukee &

St. Paul Ry.

H & D Div.

TIME TABLE NO. 55.

Trains going East.

Freight

Mixed

Express

Freight

Freight

Trains going West

Freight

Passenger

Mixed

Freight

Freight

FRED GREINER, Jr. Agent

### Here and There.

Rain!

Rain!! Rain!!!

The river is booming.

Bad weather for brick men.

The farmers begin to complain.

Capt. Houghton has gone to Aitkin.

Ice cold Soda Water at the Drug Store.

Saturday was a lively day in Chaska.

The assessors have about done with their

work.

The wet weather interferes with fishing

parties.

Sowing machines for sale by Mix & Du

Toit, Norwood.

All are now waiting for the report of

Tiffany, Missler and Gerdson.

The census enumerators find consid-

erable fault with the weather.

Six or seven brick masons are at work

on the Catholic school house this week.

Paints and Machine oils a specialty, at

Mix & Du Toit's Drug Store, Norwood.

The proceedings of the board of County

Commissioners appears in this issue of the

HERALD.

The Census enumerators will soon be

done, "then we will know how many there

are of us."

Chaska town and village officers have

been busy since the last rain repairing and

rebuilding bridges, roads &c.

Mrs. Ellsworth, widow of the late Ezekiel

Ellsworth, arrived in Chaska last week

and will remain some time visiting old

friends.

Sentenced to Stillwater.

Ole Sandquist, of Norwood, was tried

before the U. S. Court, at Winona, recent-

ly for making and passing counterfeit silver

money. He was found guilty and the

Judge imposed a fine of \$100, and six

months in the State penitentiary at Still-

water.

Special Agent.

W. C. Brodenhagen, Esq., editor of the

Carver Press, has been appointed special

agent for the St. Paul Fire & Marine In-

surance Company, of St. Paul, and will

enter upon the duties of his new position

on the first of August next. Mr. B. is

thoroughly posted in insurance matters

and will make a first class officer. We

extend our congratulations.

H. & D. Cat. OR.

Gen. Rosser informs us that he has over

Death of Mrs. Augusta Oberle.

The sad news of the sudden death, of

heart disease, of Mrs. Augusta Oberle, wife

of the late Col. Oberle, and mother of Fred-

erick and Kossuth Oberle, at the home of

her son Frederick, in Nobles County on

Monday, June 14th, took our citizens by

surprise and caused extreme sorrow, as she

was greatly beloved by a large circle of

friends throughout the county.

The funeral services were held in Chaska

last Wednesday afternoon from the Moar-

ian Church, the Lutheran Minister of Carver

officiating. A very large concourse of peo-

ple were present to pay a last tribute of af-

fectionate respect to the lamented dead.

Mrs. Oberle was 65 years of age and leaves

four children, two sons, Fred and Kossuth

and two daughters, Mrs. John Meyer and

Mrs. Otto Bureau, who have the sympathy

of the community in their sad affliction.

Extraordinary low prices on gro-

ceries at Streissguth cheap store.

Marsh Harvester and Cord Binder.

This celebrated machine is giving great

satisfaction in the harvest fields of Texas

and New Zealand, notwithstanding certain

bores telegrams to the contrary which are

being exhibited by agents for wire binders

who were not so fortunate as to be able to

secure cord binders to sell. The cord binder

is bound to go to the front and farmers

need have no hesitancy in purchasing them

as they are bound to give satisfaction. Mr.

P. H. Finnegan of Chaska, who is agent

for these machines, yesterday June 16th,

put one of them drawn by a pair of three

year old colts into Henry Jaspers field of

growing rye, and it worked like a charm,

never missing a bundle. The exhibition was

witnessed by several of our citizens among

others Henry Jaspers, Henry Hammer, H.

Brinkhaus and John Reus.

Mr. Finnegan has taken orders last week

for these machines from Gottwald Bach-

mann, Wm. Trickett, Frank Kunz and David

Beck. The gentlemen are well known

farmers of our County and are men who

know what they are about, when purchas-

ing farm machinery.

We understand that Mr. Finnegan intends

to give a public exhibition of his machine

at work in the course of a few days. Due

notice will be given of the date and a cor-

dial invitation will be extended to the farm-

ers to witness the exhibition.

How to be happy.—Be virtuous, and do

your trading at Streissguth cheap store.

We see by the Mute's Companion,

printed at Fairbairn, by the unfortunate

of that Institute, that Fred Belter, son of

Henry Belter, of this city, is doing well in

that Institute and is well up in his class.

Trade at Streissguths cheap store.

Political interest now centers in the

Cincinnati Convention. Give us either

Payne, of Ohio, Hancock, of Pennsylvania

or Seymour of New York, and the country

is then sure of a good President.

Garfield seems to take well, with the

Chaska republicans.

The largest stock, the lowest prices,

the fairest dealing at Streissguth cheap

store.

If you want a good shave or a first class

hair cut go to F. Waldo, barber. Particular

attention paid to childrens hair cutting and

and ladies hair dressing.

Remember the out door concert next

Sunday at H. Degen's.

Groceries retailed at wholesale prices,

comparison of prices invited and satisfaction

guaranteed at Streissguth cheap store.

### CLEARING SALE.

Immense Reduction in Prices for Fifteen

Days Only.

A large stock of ladies shawls, white

goods, parasols, and hamburger edgings at

25 per cent from regular prices.

### NEW STORE

BENTON.

Kronschnabel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly

on hand a full line of

General Merchandise

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods

Groceries

Boots & Shoes

Hats & Caps

Crockery

Hard Ware

AND—

Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern

Markets, and are therefore prepared to



**THE WEEKLY VALLEY HERALD—Agents of Advertising.**

space, w. 12 w. 1 m. 3 m. 6 m. 1 year				
1 inch	\$75	1.25	2.00	4.00
2 inch	1.25	2.00	3.25	6.00
3 inch	1.75	2.75	4.50	9.00
4 inch	2.00	3.25	5.00	10.00
5 inch	2.25	3.75	6.00	12.00
6 inch	2.50	4.25	7.00	14.00
7 inch	2.75	4.75	8.00	16.00
8 inch	3.00	5.25	9.00	18.00
9 inch	3.25	5.75	10.00	20.00
10 inch	3.50	6.25	11.00	22.00
11 inch	3.75	6.75	12.00	24.00
12 inch	4.00	7.25	13.00	26.00
13 inch	4.25	7.75	14.00	28.00
14 inch	4.50	8.25	15.00	30.00
15 inch	4.75	8.75	16.00	32.00
16 inch	5.00	9.25	17.00	34.00
17 inch	5.25	9.75	18.00	36.00
18 inch	5.50	10.25	19.00	38.00
19 inch	5.75	10.75	20.00	40.00
20 inch	6.00	11.25	21.00	42.00
21 inch	6.25	11.75	22.00	44.00
22 inch	6.50	12.25	23.00	46.00
23 inch	6.75	12.75	24.00	48.00
24 inch	7.00	13.25	25.00	50.00

Legal advertisements, 75 cents per folio, insertion, and 35 cents each subsequent insertion. Payment required on delivery of ad. folio.

1 folio is 250 ems solid matter. Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion. Transient advertisements payable in advance.

**NEW BUSINESS CARDS.**

**Hardware, STOVES & Tin-Ware.**

**MEUWISSEN & WIRTZ**  
BENTON, MINN.

Successor to  
**L. Hochhausen,**  
keeps on hand a large assortment of Agricultural Implements and Machine Tools, Nails, Glass, Sash and Doors, and all other articles found in a first class Hardware Store. Will sell at St. Paul and Minneapolis prices. Tinting of all kinds done on short notice. Give us a call before buying your goods elsewhere.

**MARKET HOTEL,**

Corner 1st Str. & 1st. Ave. North.  
**FRANK DANK, Manager.**  
Minneapolis, West.

This Hotel has just been newly fitted up and offers to the traveling public all the comforts and accommodations of a first class hotel. Good stables and an experienced horsemen are at service any time.

**FARMERS HOME**

**J. G. LOY**  
In Lange's old building  
near Minneapolis & St. L.  
Depot.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS  
AND CIGARS, CONSTANTLY ON  
HAND.

**LUCIEN DIACON,**

Watchmaker and Jeweler.  
CHASKA, MINN.

Dealer in Fine Watches, Jewelry,  
Clocks &c.

Repairing neatly done and work guaranteed.

Shop on 2nd St. Their old Store.

**PLATFORM BUGGIES!**

THE CHEAPEST & BEST MADE.  
BY  
**JOS. ESS, Chaska.**

Also Agent for the Cortland, New York  
Buggies.

I have a supply of Lumber Wagons,  
and Single Wagons on hand of my own make  
which I will sell as cheap as the cheapest  
and warrant to be first class in every respect.  
I am also agent for the celebrated Cortland,  
New York Platform Spring Buggy,  
just the thing for family use, which I will  
sell very cheap and warrant.

Shop above Barthel's Saloon.

**NEW BUTCHER SHOP.**

(Next door to National Hotel)  
Chaska, Minn.

The undersigned respectfully informs  
the citizens of Chaska that he will open a  
first-class Butcher Shop on  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880,**  
and he invites the citizens of Chaska to  
call and inspect his stock and prices.

**ANTHONY RURY, Prop.**

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**

CHASKA MINN.

**JOHN KERKER, Prop.**

Board by the day or week for reasonable prices. First class saloon attached. Good stabling attached to the premises. Travelers will find themselves at home with me.

**Chaska Bakery**

Confectionary Store!  
The undersigned respectfully  
invites the attention  
of the citizens of Chaska &  
vicinity to his

**BAKERY & STORE.**  
Fresh bread every day and  
cookies of all kinds always  
kept on hand. Cakes, biscuits  
and bread furnished on  
order for wedding, fishing  
parties and excursions &c.

Shop on 2nd St. east of Herald office.  
**HERMAN ERREN, Prop.**

**Chaska Valley**

**Flouring Mill**

**J. G. Eitel**  
Custom work promptly attended too.  
Flour, and all kinds feed for sale at the  
Mill.

# The Weekly Valley Herald.

**A. L. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.**

VOLUME 18

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 24 1880

TERMS, \$1.50 Per Annum.

NUMBER 32

**The Valley Herald.**  
Official County Paper.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**A. L. DU TOIT, F. B. DU  
TOIT & C. I. BAXTER**  
Editors and Publishers.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**

Treasurer—Peter Weego.  
Auditor—L. Stronkers.  
Register of Deeds—F. Greiner.  
Sheriff—F. E. Du Toit.  
Clerk of Court—G. Krayenbuhl.  
Attorney—W. G. Odell.  
Surveyor—J. O. Brumley.  
Judge of Probate—J. A. Sargent.  
School Superintendent—Geo. Mix.  
Coroner—G. E. Lau Bach.  
County Commissioner—A. W. Tiffany, Chairman.  
County Commissioners—A. W. Tiffany, Chairman.  
Geo. Kugler, Fredk. Hilt, H. Paulson,  
and Jacob Truue.

CONGRESS has adjourned and the members  
returned to their respective homes. Hot  
weather, probably caused them to take this  
step.

County Treasurer Ring, of Scott County,  
has been indicted, by the grand jury, for  
embezzling \$1,900. He has given bonds  
and will probably be tried next fall.

"Henry Hinds of Shakopee and Col. L. L.  
Baxter of Chaska are looking up as Demo-  
cratic candidates for congress in place of  
Mr. Poehler, and Rice county Democrats  
talk of putting Ara Barton on the track."

We clip the above item from the St. Paul  
Pioneer, of a recent date. As far as Col.  
Baxter is concerned, we are authorized by  
that gentleman to say, that he is not nor  
will he be a candidate for congress this fall.  
Carver County will cheerfully support Hon.  
Henry Poehler, will not accept a re-nomina-  
tion.

**Grand Grove of Deeds.**

The tenth annual session of the Grand  
Grove of the Ancient Order of Druids met at  
Delano, Minn., on the 15th inst. The re-  
ports show twenty one groves, with a mem-  
bership of 1,082. During the year \$2,270  
was paid for sick benefits, \$347 for burying  
the dead, and \$10,000 to the heirs of de-  
ceased members. Revenue of the groves, \$18,  
583; assets, \$20,370.

The following officers were elected the  
representatives to the grand grove of the  
United States holding over: Grand Arch,  
Frank S. McDonald, Minneapolis; Grand  
Vice Arch, E. W. Rebstock, Winona; Grand  
Secretary, Jos. P. Lettner, St. Paul; Grand  
Treasurer, John A. Gilman, Minneapolis;  
Grand Marshal, James D. Young, Delano;  
Grand Guardian, C. L. Flannigan, Waverly;  
Grand Sentinel, George F. Lyons, Shakopee.

The next session will be held at St. Paul,  
in June, 1881.

**Democracy in a Palace Car.**

The Milwaukee & St. Paul train which  
left Minneapolis at 11:30 a. m. yesterday  
had attached the palace car Atlantic, which  
runs as a special for the Minnesota Demo-  
cracy, and will take them through to Cin-  
cinnati in time for the convention. Messrs.  
E. M. Wilson, Wm. Lochren, and others of  
this city, and L. L. Baxter of Chaska, were  
in possession when they left Minneapolis, and  
at St. Paul were joined by other dele-  
gates and friends of "the cause" sufficient  
to fill the car. That's the way to travel—  
Pioneer.

**AWARD OF DAMAGES.**

\$20,165 Damages.

We were unable to publish the report of  
the commissioners awarding damages to the  
owners of land over which the H. & D. cut  
off, passes, as the report was not filed until  
after 12 o'clock on publication day. We  
publish the report, however, this week.

Wm. Bongard,	\$771
Henry Pauly,	262
J. P. Rusebeck,	328
Nic Rusebeck,	318
P. Raser,	598
M. Picha,	513
J. Geiser,	500
F. Kolm,	1057
L. Timers,	1067
M. Raiser,	447
M. Molnau,	201
H. Aspend,	338
J. Simens,	471
E. Stone,	263
M. Fuller,	231
G. M. Powers,	90
L. Koehnen,	600
G. Neutgens,	695
J. Abrams,	324
J. Schoolmaster,	21
E. W. Pierce,	321
Linenfelter & Faber,	1261
M. Kessler,	16
J. Willmann,	323
A. Eitel,	1076
G. Eitel,	70
W. Grimm,	1117
Jos. Ess,	81
J. Schindler,	1200
L. Wolff,	46
G. Ulmer,	

A. Manuel,	111
F. Brandenburg,	487
S. Zanger,	200
M. Kuntz,	205
S. Kaufmann,	131
E. Poppitz,	402
L. Eichmuller,	402
Julius Wolff,	771
N. Eiden,	962
Chas. Ave,	120
G. Lenzen,	117
D. Lenzen,	120
H. Lenzen,	285
F. Frank,	480
J. Pfleger,	1283
Total,	\$20,165

We are in receipt of a letter from an old  
soldier of Shakopee, strongly endorsing and  
urging the nomination of Col. Baxter, for  
Congress. As the Col. has already requested  
us to say that he is not a candidate for  
the position, we take the liberty of with-  
drawing his publication until his return  
from Cincinnati.

Last Saturday morning 200,000 feet of  
logs broke away and went over the dam on  
Ivan river at Anoka. Run river was higher  
than at any time before for fifteen years.—  
On the same morning Clark & McClure lost  
about 100,000 feet from their boom at Saint  
Cloud.

James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was nominat-  
ed for President, and Benjamin J. Chambers  
for Vice President, by the national Green-  
back convention in Chicago last week. Mr.  
Weaver was a gallant soldier during the re-  
bellion, and was a Republican until 1877.

Col. BAXTER, of the Minnesota delega-  
tion to the Cincinnati Convention, was se-  
lected as one of the Vice Presidents of the  
convention. P. H. Kelly, of St. Paul was  
chosen chairman of the delegation and also  
member of the National committee.

Hon. S. J. TILDEN, declined to be a can-  
didate for the Democratic nomination for  
President before the National Convention, in  
a very able letter written to the New  
York delegation. It breathes the spirit of  
a patriot and statesman.

The republican congressional con-  
vention, will be held at Farmington, July 8.  
In the meantime, the friends of Maj. Strait  
and Hon. Gordon E. Cole, are making  
things hot for each other all over the dis-  
trict. Brown and Le Sueur counties have  
pronounced for the Major, while Chippewa  
and Rice have instructed for Cole. We  
are inclined, however, to the belief that  
the Major will secure the nomination notwith-  
standing the efforts of the Pioneer-Press  
and St. Paul and Minneapolis politicians.

**Watertown Items.**

The new saw mill is running full blast.

Dr. Ames of Delano and Plannigan of  
Waverly were seen on our streets last  
week.

Geo. F. Mulford has gone east on a vis-  
it to his relatives and will return in about  
two months (!)

Our public school closed on Friday last,  
the school for the past year has been un-  
der the management of Mr. Mulford who  
has given universal satisfaction.

Mr. Kenning of Chaska and his crew of  
men have commenced and are pushing the  
work on the new grist mill. The proprie-  
tors intend to have the mill in running  
order in time for the new crop.

The monthly cattle fair held here on  
Monday the 14th was well patronized not-  
withstanding the state of the weather.—  
We noticed quite a drove of milch cows  
leaving town next morning in the hand of  
Minneapolis buyers.

A 15 year old son of Louis Stein living  
about four miles east of this place has  
been to Minneapolis and had a surgical op-  
eration performed, which consisted in the  
removal of a nasal polyp which had  
been very troublesome for some years  
past, and would have eventually proved  
fatal, the young man is recovering nicely  
from the effects of the operation.

**Waconia Items**

Mr. Sam Moy, bought 40 acres of land  
of Jacob Kirsch of Laketown, considera-  
tion \$700. It is said Sam made a good  
bargain.

The Lake House is well patronized by  
visitors from all parts of the State, and  
it is no wonder, as Andrew and his estim-  
able lady know how to keep a good house.

Miss Caroline Scheitnigel returned  
last Friday from Minneapolis after six  
months absence.

Miss Lena Kohler left here last week  
Monday on a visit to her sister and friends  
in Noble County.

Wake up citizens. Are we to have a  
grand Fourth of July celebration?

Bass fishing is reported very good at  
the mouth of creek near Mr. Johnson's  
farm.

The members of the Lutheran Church  
are busy hauling the material for the new  
parsonage and school house. Mr. Speis of  
Young America has his men at work on  
the foundation.

**CINCINNATI CONVENTION.**

Hancock in the Lead.

The Cincinnati Convention organized  
last Tuesday with Judge Hoadley as  
chairman. Committees were appointed  
and the convention adjourned. One bal-  
lot was taken yesterday, which is detailed  
in the following telegram.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO HERALD.

Cincinnati June 24th.

The Democratic Convention took one  
ballot yesterday which is as follows:

Hancock,	171
Bayard,	103 1/2
Payne,	81
Field,	68 1/2
Thurman,	38
Tilden,	

And a few scattering.  
Minnesota went for Hancock.

**County Convention.**

We publish the call of the republican  
county committee of this county, in this  
issue of the HERALD, for a County Con-  
vention to be held at the village of Waconia,  
on Wednesday June 30th 1880, for the  
purpose of electing 5 delegates to the re-  
publican district congressional convention  
to be held July 8th 1880. We call the at-  
tention of our republican friends to the  
call.

**Notice to Farmers.**

[Boys get ready for business]

We the below named firm wish to in-  
form the farmers of Benton and surround-  
ing towns, that hereafter, until further  
notice we will grind for one twelfth of a  
bushel as toll instead of one eighth as  
heretofore. Our regular days for custom  
work are, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thurs-  
day. Of good wheat, every pound of flour  
warranted, money or wheat will be refund-  
ed if it does not prove to be so. Farmers  
are respectfully invited to come and be  
convinced. We mean what we say.

Very respectfully  
C. KRONSCHNABEL & HENRIOS.

**Hardware.**

STOVES  
and  
Tinware!

**ALBERT KOHLER.**

Waconia, Minn.

Also FURNITURE of every de-  
scription at city prices.

**COFFINS! COFFINS!**  
always kept on hand. Give me a call  
before purchasing elsewhere.

**A. KOHLER.**

**IMPURE BLOOD.**

A torpid liver and dyspepsia cause morose-  
ness and irritability, and the mind be-  
comes dull and cloudy. Persons suffer-  
ing in this way are unfit for the ordinary  
pursuits and pleasures of life.

**ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS**  
is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Tonic  
known, and it at the same time builds up  
and fortifies the system, invigorates the  
liver, aids digestion and cures dyspepsia.  
It is fast superseding all other medicines  
offered for similar purposes. It is com-  
posed of pure, good, seeds, gums and iron.  
No remedy has ever gained such wide repu-  
tation in so short a time for purifying, toning  
up, and reinforcing the whole system, and  
restoring cheerfulness, vivacity and buoy-  
ancy of spirits, as the sovereign remedy.

Manufactured by J. P. ALLEN,  
Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

For Sale at JOS. FRANKEN'S Drug  
Store, Chaska, Minn.

**STATE OF MINNESOTA.**

COUNTY OF CARVER, ss.

In Probate Court.

Special term May 15th 1880.

In the matter of the Estate of Maria C. Hochhausen Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Christina Sendelach setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come into the hands of the executor thereof, the amount of debts out-  
standing against said deceased and a descrip-  
tion of all the real estate of which said de-  
ceased died seized, and the condition and value of  
the same, and stating that license be to her  
granted to sell all of the same, and it appearing  
by said petition, that there is not sufficient  
personal estate in the hands of the adminis-  
trator to pay said debt, and that it is necessary  
in order to pay the same to sell all of said real  
estate.

It is therefore ordered that all persons in-  
terested in said estate appear before the Judge  
of Probate on Saturday the 3rd day of July A.  
D. 1880 at one o'clock P. M. at the Court House  
in Chaska, Minn. and there show cause (if any they have) why a license  
should not be granted to said Christina Sen-  
delach administratrix to sell said real estate  
at private sale according to the prayer of said  
petition. And it is further ordered that a copy  
of this order shall be published for four suc-  
cessive weeks prior to the day of hearing the last  
of which publications shall be at least fourteen  
days before the said day of hearing in the Val-  
ley Herald a Weekly newspaper printed and  
published at Chaska in said County, and per-  
sonally served on all persons interested in said  
estate, residing in said County at least four-  
teen days before said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska the 15th day of May 1880.

By the Court, J. A. SARGENT,  
Judge of Probate.

NOTICE.  
My wife having left my bed and board,  
I hereby notify all persons not to trust  
her on my account, as I will pay no debts  
contracted by her after this date.

Dated Chaska, June 7, 1880.  
HENRY SCHRAAN.

**LEGALS.**

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure.

Whereas, default has been made in the con-  
ditions of mortgage made and exe-  
cuted by Mathias Loggell and Lena Loggell,  
his wife, mortgagees of Chaska, Carver County,  
Minnesota, to Lucien Warner, of St. Paul,  
Minnesota, mortgagee, dated on the 21st day  
of October, A. D. 1877, and recorded in the office  
of the Register of Deeds of the county of Carver  
on the 31st day of May A. D. 1880, at  
2 o'clock P. M. in Book K of mortgages, page  
34, and whereas, said mortgage was given to  
secure the payment of the sum of five hundred  
and seventy-five dollars, according to the con-  
ditions of said mortgage, and the statute in  
one, two, three, four, five and six years from  
the date of said mortgage and notes, the first  
five notes for the sum of one hundred dollars  
each, the last for the sum of seventy-five dol-  
lars, with annual interest at 10 per cent; and  
also contained the provision that said mort-  
gage should pay all taxes that might become  
due on said premises described in said mort-  
gage, which taxes amount to the sum of forty-  
one dollars and forty-five cents, and are now  
due and payable.

And it was further conditioned, in case of  
the foreclosure of said mortgage, the said mort-  
gagee should recover the sum of thirty-five  
dollars as attorney's fees.

And there is claimed to be due and is due on  
said mortgage at the date of this notice, in-  
cluding said taxes and attorney's fees con-  
ditioned to be paid in case of foreclosure of the  
same, the sum of five hundred and twenty-  
seven dollars and thirty-eight cents.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that  
under and pursuant to the said power of sale  
in said mortgage contained, and the statute in  
such case made and provided, the said mort-  
gage will be foreclosed and the land and real  
estate therein described, situate and lying in  
the county of Carver and State of Minnesota,  
and described as follows, to-wit:

Lots number one (1) and two (2) in Block  
number fifty-six (56) of the town site of Chaska,  
according to the plat thereof on file in the  
office of the Register of Deeds of said county of  
Carver, and all the appurtenances thereto be-  
longing, will be sold at public auction vendue  
by the Sheriff of said county of Carver, on  
MONDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF JULY, A. D.  
1880, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day,  
at the front door of the court house in the vil-  
lage of Chaska, in Carver county aforesaid, to  
the highest bidder therefor, to pay the said  
mortgage debt, taxes, attorney's fees and  
costs.

LUCIEN WARNER, Mortgagee.

J. A. SARGENT,  
Attorney for Mortgagee.







## Chaska Valley Herald

FRED. E. DUTOIT, Editor.  
CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

### An Old Boat.

I passed a boat to-day on the shore,  
That will be launched on the sea no more.  
Worn and battered, the straight keel bent,  
The side, like a ruffled rampart rent;  
Left alone with no covering,  
For who would steal such a useless thing?  
It was steady once, when the shipwright's hand  
Had laid each plank as the master planned.  
And it danced for joy on the curling wave,  
When first the sea's broad breast it cleave.  
And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke,  
That rang on the shore-plate of tuneful oak.  
Oft it has carried home the spoils  
Of battles, tired with night-long toil;  
And often in summer days, when the  
Laurel of a pleasure-seeking crew,  
Or hunched by night on the blinding waves,  
It has rescued a life from the sea's dark grave.  
It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,  
Drawn high beyond the billow's reach;  
And none of all it has served in stress  
Remember it now, in its loneliness.

### A Robbery Foiled.

"Good-by, sweetheart!"  
The words rang in Lizzie Layton's ears  
long after the little row-boat, containing her  
lover, had danced out of sight behind the  
headlands. But Lizzie had little thought of  
that. An unusual feeling of discontent and  
loneliness stole over her. The walk home  
seemed very dull and long.  
Her lover's visit was ended; her jolly  
father was away; her mother was sick, and  
the reaction of a week of unusual excitement  
and activity had come upon her.  
The short mile-walk to the cottage was  
near its termination, when a covered car-  
riage turned from a cross-road into the path  
ahead of her.  
The two men within did not look back to  
see her coming, and she was forced to walk  
behind the vehicle—soon, to her alarm, lis-  
tening to their conversation.  
"Not so easy, I fancy," said one.  
"Pah! nothing easier, if you're only  
plucky enough. If you needed money  
as bad as I do, you would be glad of the  
chance."  
"Are you sure the money's there?"  
"I'm sure the captain hasn't banked it,  
for he hasn't been to town since he sold the  
steamer, and he always hides in the cabin  
of keeping considerable sums of money in  
the house. There isn't much risk but money  
is money is there."  
"The captain is away. There is nobody  
there but women, I think."  
"Nobody but his wife and daughter.  
You wouldn't be afraid of them? They're  
the timid kind."  
"No."  
Lizzie's cheeks were burning with excite-  
ment. Her heart beat tumultuously under  
the trim blue sash.  
She strained her ears to hear more, but  
the horse had been whipped into a trot, and  
the grinding of the wheels in the sand made  
it impossible to hear more.  
But the child's face was no longer apathetic  
and sad. The men's words had con-  
veyed to her a terrible alarm. Of what  
money could they be speaking but the one  
hundred dollars her father had received for  
the pair of steers, the week before? It was  
true that it was in the house, that the cap-  
tain (her father) was away, and she and her  
mother were timid.  
"But father will be home to-night,"  
thought Lizzie, anxiously. "I can tell him  
all this, and he will take precautions. He  
has often said he is never afraid of robbers  
with a good revolver in the house."  
The carriage rolled past the stone cottage  
and out of sight. Lizzie stood on the path  
a moment watching it and composing her-  
self, for she did not want her mother to see  
how she trembled. Mrs. Layton was very  
nervous. Lizzie wished she had seen the  
men; but she recollected instantly that she  
should certainly know their voices. Sure  
she was guttural; and the other a rather surly  
tone.  
It was a pity they had not seen her.  
They might then fear that she had over-  
heard them, and refrain from any attempt  
at the robbery.  
"But father will be here," repeated Liz-  
zie.  
Still he had not come when the tall clock  
behind the kitchen door struck eight, and it  
was quite dark outside the window, through  
which Lizzie had anxiously looked for three  
hours.  
She had tied a white apron over her blue  
dress, and prepared sleep.  
"We will have ours, Lizzie; you can  
keep the tea hot for father," Mrs. Layton  
had said, and partook sparingly of the tea  
and toast.  
For her sake, Lizzie refrained from con-  
fiding in her mother, though it would have  
been a sweet relief.  
Attending the invalid and putting the  
house to order for the night, she combed  
over all the circumstances of the situation.  
With the exception of a few summer-houses,  
which were untenanted at that time of the  
year, there was no habitation within half a  
mile of them. There was no likelihood of  
any visitor from among their acquaintances  
that night. What if her father did not  
come, and she and her mother must pass  
the night alone there?  
"But it's early yet; only half-past eight,"  
said Lizzie.  
The sound of a knock at the front  
door suddenly filled her with a panic of  
fear.  
"Go to the door, Lizzie. It is probably  
your uncle, driven down to see father, and  
get the news from up-country."  
Devotedly hoping that it was, Lizzie gath-  
ered up her courage and opened the door.  
—Mrs. Layton standing upon

the step—a thick-set, yellow-bearded man,  
with small, cunning eyes. His manner was  
quite civil, however. He took off his hat.  
"Is Captain Layton at home?"  
The familiar, guttural tone! Lizzie  
turned deathly pale.  
"He is not," she said, and spasmodically  
shut the door.  
For a moment she stood in the little square  
hall, with the lamp in her hand, shaking like  
an aspen leaf.  
"Who was it, Lizzie? Not your uncle?"  
called her mother from the sitting-room.  
"No, mother; a stranger," faltered Liz-  
zie, who stood rooted to the spot, afraid  
to exhibit her pale face and shaking hands.  
"We can't take any strangers in to-  
night, Lizzie. Your father may not come,  
and there is a hundred dollars in the house."  
"Oh, foolish mother!" thought the girl,  
for she had been unconsciously listening for  
the man's retreating footsteps, and she had  
not heard them.  
She believed that he had retired but a lit-  
tle way from the door, and was looking  
through the curtained window into the sit-  
ting-room. Her mother's raised voice must  
have reached his ear, and he was now able  
to take a survey of her feebleness, and of  
the little room where the captain's  
desk containing the money was so conspicu-  
ous.  
Setting down the lamp in the little dark  
entry, she flew noiselessly up stairs, and  
leaped from a window left open to air the  
chamber.  
Yes, in the dark, the short, thick-set  
figure of the man was just turning away from  
before the house. Lizzie caught up a long,  
dark, gray shawl, and came noiselessly down  
the stairs. On turning the corner of the  
house, she saw him leisurely walking down  
the road.  
Clenching her little hand tight upon the  
shawl in which she had wrapped herself,  
Lizzie stole on after him in the shadow of  
the roadside pines. As she suspected, he  
needed to go but a little way before he  
joined his companion, who was sitting upon  
a fallen tree on the other side of the road.  
The carriage had been driven into a gap in  
the road.  
"Well?" he said, starting up.  
"All right," replied the other, in a low  
tone, and they continued to talk in still  
lower voices.  
"There is no time to be lost," thought  
Lizzie.  
She glided noiselessly back. As she  
closed and locked the front door, she heard  
her mother querulously calling her. She  
entered the comfortable little sitting-room,  
warm and light, all breathless.  
"Where have you been, Lizzie? What  
makes you so pale?"  
"Running up stairs makes me a little  
dizzy," replied Lizzie, holding by a chair,  
for the lights seemed swimming around.  
Then she forced herself to sit down, and  
cleverly her hands quiet upon her lap.  
"Mother, don't you think father is com-  
ing to-night?"  
"S'posin' he don't, you needn't look so  
sober, Lizzie. I guess we are safe enough.  
I suppose the old horse has fallen lame.  
Father isn't the best of drivers. Saloon  
never are, you know."  
Lizzie thought her mother must hear her  
heart beating, but apparently she did not.  
She had taken off her cap, and was smooth-  
ing her thin, soft hair for the night.  
"Oh, I think he must come before long!"  
The clock struck nine.  
Lizzie went into the dark bedroom and  
looked up the road. The robbers were  
down the road. Suddenly a thought stole  
into her mind. They could not know where  
the captain did come.  
She issued into the outer room, assuming  
a brighter air.  
"I'm going to fix up something to look  
like dear papa, anyway, mother. It won't  
seem so lonesome."  
For a moment she dropped the curtain  
behind her, and her father's great pilot-coat  
and a scarf and hat from a closet, she had  
dressed a pillow in the clothes, and placed  
the queer semblance of the captain upon the  
table. The clock came toward the  
window; the head seemed to be bent  
forward, looking over a newspaper which  
was spread open.  
Mrs. Layton gave a low laugh.  
"Now, you go to bed, mother. I don't  
want to look up the house just yet. I  
think I shall be lonesome. It will be as  
easy as can be to think that this is father.  
Don't it look like him at the back?"  
Mrs. Layton said yes, and allowed herself  
to be assisted to bed.  
Lizzie bent the elbow of the sleeve to a  
little more natural position, put a glass half  
full of sweet cider beside the newspaper,  
and softly put up the curtain again. Then  
she sat down before the fire with a book.  
Every nerve of her body was stretched to  
its utmost tension, every sense on the alert;  
but the girl eyed back and forth in the  
low rocking-chair, and turned her pages  
regularly. She heard her mother's low,  
regular breathing, and knew that she was  
soundly asleep.  
Pretty soon Lizzie's strained ears heard  
creeping steps in the door-yard. Stealthily  
as they were made, they were so plain—so  
terribly plain to her. It seemed to her that  
the crackling gravel must awake her mother,  
but the regular breathing still continued.  
She lifted her head, and smilingly addressed  
the bogus captain:  
"Don't read any more of the shipping  
news, father; just listen to this pretty  
story," and she began to read aloud.  
She read half a page of the book in a  
pleasant, animated voice; then, suddenly  
leaving down the volume, and saying: "I'll  
bring you some more cider, father," she  
rose, took a pitcher from a closet, and push-  
ing, in her passage, a high-backed rocking-  
chair beside the pillow figure, to prevent a  
more prolonged and close observation of it,  
passed out of the room.  
She did not go to the cellar, but to the  
chamber overhead.  
She came softly to the window. The  
outside of the house was in entire darkness;  
the light streaming from the interior shone  
plainly upon the forms of the two men,  
plainly revealing them to her penetrating  
gaze, as they stood about half a rod from  
the window. But they had turned from the  
survey.  
"I tell you it's no use, Sampson," one  
was saying. "The old fellow is plucky, and  
he keeps a revolver in his bed-room."

"Then the game's up."  
They turned and ran away, and were  
soon gone. Lizzie's race had succeeded.  
But she watched until after midnight,  
then retired, satisfied that no further at-  
tempt would be made to enter the house;  
she lay thankfully down beside her mother,  
and slumbered snugly until morning.  
An hour past sunrise, the captain's old  
buggy rolled into the yard. The family had  
just risen, and the pillow figure, still in  
fact, greeted his astonished gaze. But his  
amazement was rebuffed when Liz-  
zie explained how she had saved the money.  
**SUICIDE BY ANIMALS.**  
That animals commit suicide for various  
causes, such as shame, disappointment, love,  
loss of friends, dependency from ill health,  
Dr. Lindsay firmly believes and contends for  
in his book on "Mind in Animals," and he  
cites the following examples:  
A case of suicide in the dog is given by  
Morris, as illustrative of man's pitifulness to  
worn-out animals. The poor  
animal was old, infirm, paralyzed, useless,  
an outcast and a wanderer. Prior to its sui-  
cide by drowning, it was characterized by  
sadness of look. It obviously pondered its  
condition of action, exhibited for a time hesi-  
tancy, and at last came to a decision, and  
sank upon its promptness and resolution.  
It refused to allow itself to be saved.  
In another instance, cited by the same  
author, the dog was old, diseased, distracted  
with pain. It, too, drowned itself with its  
utmost deliberation, first casting a last pit-  
iful, "longing, lingering look" at its mas-  
ter, who had suspected it of being affected  
by, and probably had discarded it for sus-  
pected rabies.  
An old colts (shepherd's dog) in Cath-  
ness, troubled with the infirmities of age,  
including deafness and loss of teeth, in 1871  
committed suicide—here again by drowning.  
"Evidently age was a burden to him. The  
day before the last scene in the drama was  
enacted, he was observed to take a general  
survey of the locality he was about to quit  
forever—in a very shaky way. He then  
wended his way over ground familiar to him  
in his hunting days to the sea shore—a dis-  
tance of about two miles—and without tak-  
ing a longing, lingering look behind, he  
plunged into the sea and expired. The act  
was witnessed by a number of persons on the  
shore.  
A Newfoundland dog "of great age" had  
his feelings wounded by being scolded,  
beaten in pretence only by means of a pocket-  
handkerchief, and having a door shut in  
his face when about to leave a room with  
his usual companions—a nurse and a group  
of children. Soon after he was found  
attempting to drown himself, but failed in securing his purpose with  
sufficient rapidity and directness by starva-  
tion.  
A captive monkey that committed suicide  
by drowning, prior to the act was noticed to  
become morose; it refused all companion-  
ship, bit viciously, and had a marked fixity  
and vagueness—as if contemplative—of  
gaze (Forbes).  
An American canvas-back duck used its  
bill to keep itself submerged until it was  
drowned, seizing water-weeds attached to or  
near the bottom of the pond.  
On board her Majesty's ship Euryalus  
there was a large black monkey with a  
long tail for whom the master had a par-  
ticular aversion; he was convinced that it  
was a mean villain who would cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.  
Eratic Enrique commences a poem with:  
"Across the water comes a thrilling wail."  
How should a whale come if not by water?  
—*Whitcomb's Review.*  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.  
Eratic Enrique commences a poem with:  
"Across the water comes a thrilling wail."  
How should a whale come if not by water?  
—*Whitcomb's Review.*  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.

**TIGHT-LACING.**  
The circumference of the waist in a wo-  
man of medium height and dimensions  
measures, on an average—when not cramped  
and distorted—about thirty inches, and in  
those who have adopted tight-lacing it may  
measure no more than twenty inches, and  
sometimes even less. Now, what be-  
comes, in these latter cases, of the several  
organs contained within the chest and abdo-  
men? They are, of course, compressed and  
pushed and squeezed out of their natural  
shapes, and made to protrude in places  
where they have no business, because never  
meant to occupy such places. It was in-  
tended by nature, as a matter of course, that  
the chest and abdomen should respectively  
hold their various contents in their allotted  
and relative positions, occupying certain  
portions of space, and having ample room  
for the due performance of their individual  
duties, without that jostling and interfer-  
ence which results from the cramped and  
cramped condition of the organs, and the  
accompanying disorder and bad arrangement.  
On the other hand, there is no vacuum  
or empty space in either of the two cavities  
—there is no region without its own particu-  
lar organ or part; and each organ or part,  
though provided by nature with ample room  
for the useful and unobstructed discharge  
of its special function, has not yet much to  
spare. When, then, any one particular or-  
gan is, by the system of tight-lacing, ex-  
cessively cramped, the consequences are  
squeezed, it must, like a man in a crowd,  
since it cannot get out of the way—be seri-  
ously hampered in its movements, and its  
important duties imperfectly discharged, to  
the small injury and suffering sooner or  
later of the foolish self-torturer. And this  
in proportion to the unnatural pressure and  
squeezing to which the organ has had to  
submit. The excessive crushing, however,  
which results from this method of de-  
pressed custom, as well as the consequences arising  
from it, is not confined to one organ only,  
but it is transmitted to those lying in its im-  
mediate proximity—these having to bear the  
pressure from the organs which are directly  
implicated, though they themselves may be  
entirely removed from the direct load. The  
practice of tight-lacing brings about this  
crushing and displacement of organs most  
completely and effectually—hampering and  
disturbing them in the performance of their  
assigned and indispensable duties, and with  
the consequent production of a whole host  
of very serious troubles, and not a few real  
and grave diseases. There are few natural  
diseases, indeed, which so thoroughly dis-  
place and jam and wedge together so great  
a number of the internal organs, and so  
generally disseminate among them incapacity  
for the discharge of their multifarious  
duties, as does this positively sinful practice  
of tight-lacing. Shortness of breath, con-  
gestion, and even inflammation of the lungs,  
congestion of the liver, of the kidneys, ex-  
cessive palpitation and subsequent disease of  
the heart, faintings, brouitides, indigestion,  
jaundice, obstruction of the bowels, rupture,  
etc., are a few of the many evils arising  
from the custom which we so emphati-  
cally condemn; a list, one would think,  
quite formidable enough to cause the most  
thoughtful and the most fashion-beridden  
subject to immediately renounce all ally-  
ance with a practice so fraught with mis-  
chief; and one, moreover, which has not a  
single redeeming point, even in the occa-  
sional foolish eyes of the sterner sex, in its  
favor.—*Good Words.*  
**MONKEY STORIES.**  
On board her Majesty's ship Euryalus  
there was a large black monkey with a  
long tail for whom the master had a par-  
ticular aversion; he was convinced that it  
was a mean villain who would cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.  
Eratic Enrique commences a poem with:  
"Across the water comes a thrilling wail."  
How should a whale come if not by water?  
—*Whitcomb's Review.*  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.  
Eratic Enrique commences a poem with:  
"Across the water comes a thrilling wail."  
How should a whale come if not by water?  
—*Whitcomb's Review.*  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.

**SUNBEAMS.**  
Comb-makers—Bos.  
Pressed for time—Mummers.  
An old-time friend—The sun dial.  
A boy's whistle is often clogged tin.  
A carpenter's saw—plane board.—*Boston  
Journal of Commerce.*  
We've an ocean there's a wide difference  
between this country and Europe.  
No, Rebecca; you do not cut beef on a  
cattle range.—*Yonkers Statesman.*  
They have a beautiful garden in St.  
Louis, where young people have meetings  
and take leave.  
If an old sheep can only jump a fence,  
they call it a "spring lamb."—*Meriden Re-  
corder.*  
Words are cheap, except when they are  
sent over the Atlantic cable.—*Cincinnati  
Saturday Night.*  
"Yes," said little Jim to his mother, "you  
always buy canned P's, but never get any  
canned D's."—*Meritt.*  
"There! let that end it!" as the shoe-  
maker said when he fixed the bristle to the  
ward threat.—*Belen Sunbeam.*  
"What is a home without a father?"  
asks an exchange. It's a mighty good place  
to court a girl in.—*Salem Sunbeam.*  
"We old maids," said Miss Ficks, "love  
cats because we have no husbands, and cats  
are almost as treacherous as men."  
An American union candle makes just  
four bites for a Russian peasant, and the  
wick is used for a collar for his cat.  
The colored gentleman who said he was  
engaged in mining operations, was forced to  
admit that it was his kioskmining.  
Gloves of yellow dog-skin are fashionable  
for gentlemen's street-wear. The yellow  
dog is good for something at last.  
They are making paper bricks in Wis-  
consin. Gentlemen who are in the habit of  
carrying their bricks in their hats will be  
glad to hear of this.  
The worst case of "stage fright" is that  
of a man who thinks he has passed up a two  
dollar and a half gold-piece, instead of a  
dime, to the driver.  
A great number of people are married,  
and the happiness of a large number of peo-  
ple is marred. There's an F's difference.  
—*Meriden Recorder.*  
The placidity of expression worn by a  
man who is "next" in a full barber shop  
cannot be counterfeited even by an old maid  
with her first love letter.  
Boggs says that when he is asked to pay  
\$100 for a lot in the cemetery that a bed  
spread would cover, he considers it a grave  
investment.—*Lockport Union.*  
Envy is a passion so full of confidence  
and shame, that nobody ever had the confi-  
dence to own it.  
"First among the things to be thankful for  
is a thankful spirit. Some people would  
grumble at the accommodations in heaven  
if they ever got there."  
"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had  
red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll not  
be on fire." No danger of that," replied  
the girl; "you are too green to burn."  
—*American Punch.*  
A wise town is known by the fire company  
it carries.—*Whitcomb's Review.* And a foolish  
city by its too much chatter during a  
Yankee Gazette. There would be less tinkering  
if "tin" were not so plenty.  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.  
Eratic Enrique commences a poem with:  
"Across the water comes a thrilling wail."  
How should a whale come if not by water?  
—*Whitcomb's Review.*  
A contemporary speaks of a neighbor as  
a "shillies woman." Been looking  
over her clothes when her week's  
washing was hung out, have you?—*Wan-  
gatch's Epitaph.*  
The pretty and ugly, the good and the  
mean,  
Fly up through the roof when they use  
Kerosene.  
—*Danielsville Sentinel.*  
When a young fellow has his office con-  
nected with his girl's home by telephone, it  
is a mean villain who will cast suspicion  
on the lady by stealing into the young man's  
office and putting onion juice on the instru-  
ment.

**AN AWKWARD PORTMANTEAU.**  
The proprietress of a small inn at Valen-  
ciennes has just met with a curious acci-  
dent. It seems from the account given of  
the incident by the *Echo du Nord*, of Paris,  
that a man presented himself at the inn and  
made a request to be admitted, together with  
a very bulky portmanteau, which he carried  
upon his shoulder. The woman of the  
house, having allotted to him a second floor  
room, offered to help him in carrying up-  
stairs the burden which seemed too heavy  
for his unaided efforts, but he refused on the  
ground that it contained articles of a very  
delicate and fragile nature, and that he  
could trust it to no one but himself. He,  
however, requested leave to deposit it in a  
corner of the tavern until after resting and  
refreshing himself he should be disposed to  
carry it upstairs. When the hour arrived  
for closing up the house the portmanteau  
remained still below, and the good woman,  
on entering the room to put up the shutters,  
looked at it, and to her horror perceived  
that something moved within it. So great  
was her terror that she sank down speech-  
less and breathless in a chair, and in that  
position was found by a gentleman who  
came to protest against the late hour at  
which the place was kept open. As soon as  
the cause had been explained to this minion  
of the law, he forgot the primary object of  
his visit in his curiosity to explore the mys-  
terious piece of luggage, and drawing his  
sword, soon solved all doubts by cutting  
open the leather. He had no sooner done  
so than a stout man jumped out, pistol in  
hand, and fell upon the gentleman, who was  
on his guard and used his weapon with  
good effect. The baggage and its owner  
were both accordingly arrested forthwith,  
and are now in prison.  
**HOW ALPHONSE KARR BECAME A  
JOURNALIST.**  
The contributors to the *Figaro* had de-  
manded more pay, the editor had refused,  
and the result was a strike. At that time  
writers of the highest order were paid at  
the rate of five francs a column, or less than  
a son a line, and what they struck for was  
an increase of two francs per column. The  
first day of the strike Bohain and Nestor  
Roqueplan wrote the whole paper between  
them; the second they hunted among the  
outside contributors put aside for possible  
consideration, and coming upon M. Karr's,  
filled the paper with them. The description  
of the way in which poor articles were  
manufactured was evidently not over-  
charged. Bohain and Roqueplan constantly  
urged M. Karr to pay more attention to  
politics, and one day they applauded him  
for an allusion to the temperate habits of  
some Minister. "You see," said Nestor,  
"I told you it was easy enough. But,"  
replied M. Karr, "I know nothing about  
such things as these. It was in the columns  
of the *Figaro* that I first read of this Min-  
ister's unhappy fondness for drink." "Do  
you suppose," said Roqueplan, "that your  
colleagues know any more about such  
things than you do? As to this disastrous  
propensity, I don't see why you shouldn't  
have invented it as easily as Brucker did,  
for it is probably not true. Not true?"  
asked M. Karr, astounded. "Well, it  
would perhaps be going too far to assert  
positively that it is not true; all that is  
quite certain is that we know nothing about  
it."—*The Saturday Review.*  
**RUINED BY A SPIDER.**  
Spiders crawling more abundantly and  
conspicuously than usual upon the indoor  
walls of houses foretell the near approach  
of rain; but the following anecdote in-  
dicates that some of their habits are equally  
certain indications of frost being at hand.  
Quartermaster Disjaval, seeking to beguile  
the tedium of his prison house at Utrecht,  
had studied attentively the habits of the  
spider; and eight years of imprisonment had  
given him leisure to be well versed in its  
ways. In December of 1794 the French  
army, on whose success his restoration to  
liberty depended, was in Holland, and vic-  
tory seemed certain if the frost, then of un-  
precedented severity, continued. The  
Dutch envoy had failed to negotiate a peace,  
and Holland was despairing, when the frost  
suddenly broke. The Dutch were now ex-  
ulting, and the French generals prepared to  
retreat; but the spider warned Disjaval  
that the thaw would be of short duration,  
and he knew that his weather monitor never  
deceived. He contrived to communicate  
with the army of his countrymen and its  
generals, who duly estimated his character  
and relied upon his assurance that within a  
few days the water would again be passable  
by troops. They delayed their retreat.  
Within twelve days the frost had returned—  
the French army triumphed. Disjaval was  
liberated, and a spider had brought ruin on  
the Dutch nation.  
**A SPECIMEN "INJUN FIGHTER."**  
A man was sawing wood, yesterday after-  
noon, in a back-yard. He severed two sticks  
as thick as your wrist, and then went into  
the house. "Mary," said he to his wife,  
"my country needs me; there's no more  
talking; we've just got to slaughter all these  
Injuns; no true patriot can be expected to  
hang around a wood-pile, these days."  
"John," said his wife, "if you fight Injuns  
as well as you saw wood and support your  
family, it would take one hundred and eight-  
teen like you to capture one squaw, and  
you'd have to catch her when she had the  
ague and throw pepper in her eyes." John  
went back to the wood-pile, wondering who  
told his wife all about him.—*Salt Lake Tri-  
bune.*  
**SINGER.**  
It is said that Isaac M. Singer, the sewing  
machine man, has left a fortune of  
nineteen millions of dollars—fifteen mil-  
lions in the United States and four millions  
in Europe. During the last twenty-five  
years of his life he spent a great deal of  
money, but he made a great deal more.  
The magnificence of his estate forms a  
striking contrast with the poverty and  
privation in which he began. At one time  
he was a strolling actor in the West, and  
after he had left that profession and in-  
vented his sewing machine, he was in such  
a state of destitution that one day he had  
only sixpence left in the world. After much  
deliberation he bought himself a dinner  
of pork and beans at Sweeney's with the  
money and with the vigor derived from  
this nourishing repast he went on to ac-  
cumulate the nineteen millions he has left to  
his heirs.

**HOW COBWEBS ARE TURNED TO AC-  
COUNT.**  
The trade in cobwebs feeds, it is said,  
whole families in Paris. No tradesman likes  
to confess he has none of an article which  
the best people in the trade keep. It de-  
monstrates he is not one of the best men in  
the trade. Therefore, let a fool ask for Clos  
Vongout, or Chateaux Margouet, in any  
restaurant or vintner's in Paris, he is sure  
to get a bottle so labelled. As these finer  
wines improve with age, and, as the quality  
of the wine leaves a good many of the es-  
sentials of Clos Vongout to be desired, it is  
necessary to call in artists to aid deception.  
Thus the demand for cobwebbers. When  
they are placed on the bottle with "Giddy  
head," wine, which ten days ago was in the  
cask, looks venerable, and seems oppressed  
by accumulated interest, raises in every  
breast an irresistible impulse to stop inter-  
est's running. The dealer in cobwebs has  
likewise a liquor which softens and colors  
the cork to make it assume the status of  
time. He has two essences which give wine  
the flavor and odor of the choicest vintages.  
He does not spread his cobwebs without  
preparation on the bottle; they are pre-  
viously steeped in gum, which makes them  
adhere without losing their appearance.  
After he lays out on the bottle, he sprin-  
gles a little soot on them—there's your Clos  
Vongout, ten years in bottle, for only forty  
cents. What delightful wine! Would you  
know how to discover whether the wine  
you are drinking has been tampered with?  
Observe if its nose is violent, and at-  
tempts to carry your nose by assault, and  
disappears in a very short time. In this  
event be sure that it is adulterated, and that  
this nose is obtained by artifice. The nose  
of pure wine is modest, appears  
slowly, and wears the nose.

**THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.**  
No British order of knighthood dates from  
so remote a time as that of the existence of  
the extinct knightly orders of Europe. The  
oldest, "the most noble Order of the Gar-  
ter," takes us back not five and half centu-  
ries, its institution being subsequently more  
than a generation to the suppression of the  
once heroic order of the Knights Templars,  
which before it perished had waxed fat and  
vicious. The blue garter was either a token  
in a successful skirmish, and so a military  
symbol, or was the mark of a playful and  
happy treatment of a drawing-room misad-  
venture; the order, therefore, may be said  
to lack an origin peculiarly associated with  
any ancient knightly ideal. Its exclusiv-  
ness give to the decoration its rare prestige,  
which can scarcely be said to inhere in any  
respect due to knighthood, every one of the  
members of the order being possessed al-  
ready of a superior dignity to that which  
knighthood has ever claimed in the order of  
worldly precedence. Her Majesty is the  
chief of the order, which includes most of  
the crowned heads of Europe, and is strictly  
limited in respect of the number and status  
of its members. At the present moment  
the gartered knight of the lowest rank as  
regards precedence is a nonagenarian Vis-  
count. It would be prodigious to regard  
this order as in any sense representing or-  
dinary knighthood, although it may bear  
the name. It is indeed to pay a great com-  
pliment to knighthood for personages so  
eminent to condescend to bear the title, and  
should they derive any additional lustre  
therefrom the fact goes some way toward  
verifying the statement that knighthood is  
different not only in degree but in kind  
from any other dignity.—*The University  
Magazine.*  
**A NEW SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETA-  
TION.**  
There were two men in the Mississippi  
regiment commanded by Col. Bith, of Bal-  
timore. One of these men contended that  
the Scriptures were of divine origin, and the  
other said they were of human invention,  
and asked his opponent, in one of the argu-  
ments which they were continually having,  
if he believed the story of Jonah and the  
whale, to which the other replied, "Yes."  
"Do you also believe that the three Hebrew  
young men were thrown into the fiery furnace  
without feeling the heat?" persisted the infidel.  
"Yes," came the answer again. "Do you  
believe," came sharply, "that Samson slew  
all those thousands of Philistines with the  
jawbone of an ass?" It was just after the  
battle of Shiloh, and the believer in the  
Bible had just had some tough experience in  
the difficulty of fighting only four or five to  
one. "Well," he answered hesitatingly to  
the last home thrust, "I—I—always re-  
garded that story as a mere camp rumor!"  
—*New York Tribune.*  
**LIQUID FOOD.**  
Dr. H. Wood, in the *Medical Times*, of  
Philadelphia, in a recent lecture, gave the  
following hints on liquid food. "The best  
diet is composed chiefly of milk and eggs,  
with the lean of flesh in some form. The  
best preparation of flesh is scraped raw  
meat, with milk and eggs. I cannot recom-  
mend this too highly as one of the best and  
most nutritious articles we can use. It may  
be made by bruising meat in a mortar, but  
a better plan is as follows: Lay a slice of  
the round of beef upon a firm board, and  
scrape it laboriously with a dull case knife,  
until you get out of it all the red pulp it will  
yield. This, mixed with brandy and sugar,  
is not unpalatable to most persons. In using  
eggs, it should never be forgotten that they  
are much more digestible raw than cooked,  
and that in all cases of systematic feeding  
they are to be given raw, diffused in milk,  
or partially cured in milled wine, or as an  
unbroken whole in ordinary wine.



## SCIENTIFIC.

Experiments have proved that if fifty thousand pounds, once applied, will just break a bar of iron or steel, a stress very much less than fifty thousand pounds will break it if repeated sufficiently often. Tests made in this direction go to show that rupture may be caused by a succession of shocks or impacts, none of which alone would be sufficient to cause it. Wrought iron will crystallize by repeated blows in service and become weaker than cast iron; iron axles, the piston rods of steam engines, and other pieces of metal that are subjected to continuously repeated shocks, invariably break after a certain length of service—in other words, the "life" of the metal is limited. Iron rods in bridges sometimes crystallize and break, although the rods in most of the iron bridges of the present day may have five, fifty, five hundred years of life yet allotted to them—due to their factors of safety. It is well known that wrought iron, subjected to continuous vibration, assumes a crystalline structure, and its cohesive powers become much deteriorated.

The new and novel system of electric lighting, known as Werdermann's, has just been satisfactorily tested in London. Nine lights in the same circuit were kept going by a Gramme dynamo-electric machine of the old type, driven by a vertical engine and boiler. The light was steady, and though no shades or globes were used, there was no unpleasant effect produced on the eyes. The lamp consists of a hollow metal tube, through which the carbon pencil is gradually fed as consumed, being kept just short of contact with a carbon disk—the latter balanced so as to fall down in case the pencil should, for any cause, be fed up sufficiently to the disk. In this case, contact with the other pole, so that the current ceases to pass through that particular carbon, calls attention to the defect. Four inches of carbon are consumed in an hour, at a cost of twelve cents for twenty inches, and the nine lights only require four and one-half horse power. In respect to cost, therefore, this new light is found to compare favorably with other arguments.

By means of a highly ingenious carpet-weaving machine, recently introduced, it is found practicable to produce a carpet—velvet pile, in appearance and quality said to be a most luxurious article—at a very low cost. The worsted yarns forming the face of the carpet are wound from ordinary bobbins on long bobbins the width of the carpet, the colors being arranged by a comb as the pattern requires. The ends are passed through metal tubes for delivery, and the bobbins in proper sequence are then fixed on an endless chain over the loom. As this chain revolves, metal clips seize each bobbin in turn, take it off the chain, and dip the ends of worsted among the warp threads of the carpet, where they are at once firmly fixed, and a circular knife cuts the worsted at a proper level. The bobbin is returned to the chain, and the succeeding one deals with—and so on, continuously.

An ingenious system of winding gear for coal mines has lately come into use in Germany and France, the chief features of which are, in doing away with the ordinary draw and the great weight of rope, which, in deep mines, are a very great strain upon the engine. The cages are attached one to each end of the winding rope passing over the head gear pulleys and over a winding pulley, which takes the place of the draw; a balance rope of the same weight as the winding rope is also fixed to the bottom of each of the cages, the chief feature being allowed to dip into the sump at the bottom. By this arrangement, however deep the shaft, the ropes and cages are always balanced, and the engine, in winding up, has only to overcome the weight of coal in the tubs and the friction of the working parts.

A CONTRIVANCE has been brought forward by a Bordeaux inventor for regulating with exactness the speed of machinery. It consists of a spindle, to which rotary motion is imparted by the machine to which it is attached, and on this spindle is fixed a sliding cone, and under the latter is a cross-head, bearing bent and counterpoised arms joined together. When the spindle is revolved by the machine, the arms are thrown outward as the cone with their upper extremities, and the cone with their lower extremities, by means of, of their varying friction on the cone, which of course increases with the velocity of the motion of the spindle, the speed of the latter is easily and accurately controlled, and its means and that of the machinery with which it is connected by gearing wheels.

By admitting heated water direct into the small cylinder of a compound engine, it is claimed by a French inventor that double the quantity of steam is generated with the same amount of coal—the cause of this result lying in the fact that the formation of steam no longer takes place in the boiler, but in the cylinder of the engine, and, this being the case, the disturbance inseparable from ebullition is no longer to be feared. It is asserted that by this means the highest useful degree of heat can be secured without excessive pressure, and that the best compound engines constructed on this principle will not consume more than one pound twelve ounces of coal per horse power an hour.

## USES OF ELECTRICITY.

The uses of electricity seem to be almost limitless. The latest purpose to which it has been applied is in the separation of flour from bran, an improvement on the old methods which promises to be of the greatest possible advantage and importance. The remarkable part of the affair is that the new process is the invention of two Yale College students, neither of whom have as yet attained his majority. That they have a prospective fortune in their invention there can be little doubt, for this is the first successful attempt to utilize frictional electricity, and it is impossible to say to what its limits may be carried.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstance.

After friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the lives to the unfortunate.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Great Britain sports 2,000 yachts.

An anti-spittingting shop has just been patented.

Chicago makes \$15,000,000 worth of cloth a year.

A full-blooded Seneca Indian is a fireman on the Erie Railroad, and a good one, too.

A blind mendicant in Paris wears this inscription about his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a son. I can't see."

Sober sense, self-possession, intelligent self-control, are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

Ornamentation is increasing in favor in Northern Italy. Within the last four years fifty cases have occurred at Milan and ten at Lodi.

An eccentric old Georgian, William Wilson, of Newton County, recently died, leaving his estate, worth \$10,000 to his former slaves.

A man captured a devil fish at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, whose tentacles, eight in number, measured eighteen inches in length.

A young man at Canton, Ohio, has sued his mother for a \$10,000 for slander. She circulated a report that he was drunken and thievish.

A California paper says that it is now considered a well-settled point that the production of rain in that State will be made profitable.

Two hundred and fifteen children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren attended a recent birthday celebration of Mrs. Sindarella Lee, of Appleton County, Ga.

Naples and Genoa are said to furnish the most artistic work in coral, of which a pale, pinkish shade is very fashionable. The processes of manufacturing it are performed by women.

Hunt Marvin, of Battle Creek, Mich., has a face as beardless as that of a woman. There never has been a hair on his face, though he is sixty years old and the head of a large family.

In Indianapolis, Ind., lately four Chinese joined the Presbyterian Church, and there are some twenty-five other Chinese in a Presbyterian Sunday-school there.

A woman living near the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Georgia, caught four wild turkeys in a trap recently, and when she tried to get them out they attacked her so furiously as to break one of her arms.

The exports of butter from this country are only four per cent of the production; those of cheese forty-one per cent. English people eat far more cheese than butter. It is a staple food among laboring men in England.

Lieutenant H. L. Smith, of Boston, is a fortune man, and as brave as fortune. In 1876 he saved from death by drowning two children of a Maryland gentleman, and the grateful father, who lately died, bequeathed \$27,000 to the young man.

Newton Ransom, an Excise Comptroller, of the town of Lloyd, New York, opposed the granting of liquor licenses to several dealers. One night recently a thousand dollars' worth of apple trees in his orchard were stripped of bark, thus killing them.

The editor of a Mt. Sterling (Ky.) paper the other night had a call from two masked men, who requested him to publish their warning against the horse thieves of the county. He said it was against his rules to publish anonymous communications but he thought he could make an exception in this instance.

A few weeks ago twenty members of the Scottish Foot Reform Society sat down to a banquet consisting of six courses, namely, lentil and barley soup, haricot bean pie, haricot-bean omelette, with sauce, hominy pudding, pearl-milk pudding and tapioca and apples, all of which, exclusive of cooking, cost at the rate of \$4.75 (7 cents) per head.

A Lowell (Mass.) man was telling a tree by the roadside when he saw a man and woman passing in a sleigh right under the falling tree. It was too late for assistance and the tree fell, coming square down between the horse and the occupants of the sleigh. The forward part of the sleigh was smashed, but neither the horse nor the man or woman was hurt.

A young man in Salem, N. J., tried to tread on a mouse which was running about the floor of his room, but the mouse disappeared, apparently under a bureau. Six hours later, while the young man was seated at a piano in the midst of an evening company, he felt something in the right leg of his pantaloons. Shaking that part of the garment, the mouse ran out and off.

The girl Zoo at the Aquarium, in London, was thrown from the catwalk with such force that her body went clean through the weak netting placed to catch it as it fell. She only just missed hitting the girder, and fell with a crash that was heard all over the building. When picked up, one side of her face appeared to be black with extravasated blood, her teeth projecting through her cheek; her body was quivering violently; she was perfectly unconscious.

## LEADVILLE.

Leadville is a place of strong contrasts. The characteristics of a new mining town are seen there yet; gambling halls and bar-rooms are more numerous than any other place of business, the pistol and the knife are in common use; highwaymen rob the stages close by, and desperate adventures abound; but opposed to these things is a strong desire for law and order. Schools and churches are being established, and it is thought that the civilization of Leadville will soon be accomplished.

## THE TRACES OF CRIME.

A gentleman, who is now a Judge of the Supreme Court, in one of the Western States, not long since related to a friend the following story which shows how hard it is for a murderer to destroy some traces of crime:

"Some few years ago, when I held the office of District Attorney in the interior of the State of New York, a man came to my office one day, and stated that he and his brother were engaged in the business of hawking and peddling jewelry, and that he had always been accustomed to meet at certain points on their route, to compare notes and exchange goods. For the first time since they had begun to travel, his brother had failed to keep his appointment; and, as he could find no trace of him in their customary round, he had reason to fear that he was murdered."

"After gathering all the information from him that I could, I collected a large posse of citizens and proceeded to make a thorough search of the whole region."

"In the course of two or three days we came to a retired spot, far from any human habitation, where the appearances were such as to indicate that the ground had been recently disturbed; and, on digging down a few feet, we found the body of the missing peddler. Raising it to the surface, I observed one or more small black bugs crawling about, which I knew to be such as are produced by animal decomposition; but as the dead body before me had not begun to decay, I knew they could not have originated here. There also fell from the pockets and crevices of the dead man's clothing, a little sand, while the soil from which we had taken the body was of a clayey nature, with no sand mixed with it. I, therefore, came to the conclusion that this was not the place where the body was originally deposited; and we accordingly renewed our explorations."

"In process of time we lighted upon a sandy region, just on the outskirts of a little village, where again it was observed that the surface of the ground, although slightly frozen, had not been long before dug over. At the depth of a few feet, we came upon the decayed body of a horse, teeming with the same species of bug that I had before detected, which led me to believe that this was probably the spot where the poor peddler had been buried. I was confirmed in this suspicion by the fact that in the earth thrown out from the pit we found a tallow candle partly consumed. The presumption now was that the criminal lived in the adjacent village; and I thought it very likely that the half-burned candle, which I took possession, might furnish the clue to his detection. It was what was known as an old-fashioned dip not much used in these days; and my first steps were directed to finding out in what families in the village such candles were burned. It was not long before I was able to identify the locality; and I ascertained that the family occupying the house consisted of an aged couple, feeble and bed-ridden, and three sons."

"I also learned that the young women of the village had received from these boys presents of jewelry, which upon examination were identified as having been a part of the murdered man's stock."

"I next proceeded to search the house and premises where the young men lived, and after turning the layout out of the barn, we found, concealed, the pack which had belonged to the peddler. It was very certain that one or more of these boys had committed the murder, and I submitted each of them to a searching scrutiny in private. The result of this was such as to satisfy me that while the two younger had received a portion of the plunder from the murdered man, he alone was responsible for the murder. He was accordingly tried, convicted and sentenced to the gallows. On the morning of his execution he acknowledged his guilt, adding, with an oath, that he would die game."

"It would seem as though this criminal had at first effectually concealed the traces of his crime, but a farthing candle revealed his footsteps, and lighted the way to his death."

## A MOUSE CURSE.

Hitherto there has been no remedy, says the *Honorable Reviewer*, which could be regarded as a specific for tetanus. At last, however, an ingenious French physician has apparently hit upon a remedy before which these violent spasms, so terrible to the patient, and to the dentist's force, and which, of course, supercede curative and other inferior remedies. The French doctor in question was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. In his report he says that she was a married woman of thirty-one years of age, and that previous to his visit her family physician had tried every known remedy for tetanus, including curative, without producing any effect. The patient was lying on her back with her jaw tightly closed, and the muscles of her throat and chest were so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound. The doctor at once went and procured a live mouse of the usual size and voracity, to the tail of which he attached a strong horse-hair. Placing the mouse at the foot of the bed, he permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. No sooner did the patient notice the mouse than she sprang up, loudly calling to the attendants to take it off, and denouncing the doctor as a horrible heartless wretch, who ought to be hanged on the spot. There was no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. In fact, the doctor said that the lady's jaws were so thoroughly and permanently unloosed that the husband, who is, of course, ignorant of law, has threatened to begin an action for damages against him.

## TRUTH.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable. There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A tall tale grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouths. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives, until it is largely untrue and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage."

## BOASTED TO DEATH BY THE SUN.

Dr. Schweinfurth, in a lecture which he recently delivered at the Berlin Geographical Society on the subject of his latest explorations in Central Africa, gave his hearers a thrilling account of the mode in which capital punishment is inflicted upon criminals by the Al-Qadja, a small tributary offshoot of the great and powerful Djou people. The malefactor condemned to die is bound to a stake, and the sun is allowed to do the rest.

"As yet he is not completely 'done to death.' If a cloud pass between the sun and his place of torment, he is at once cast loose from his post and becomes an object of popular reverence, as a mighty magician in whose behalf the supernatural power have designed directly to intervene. But clouds seldom interfere with the administration of justice on the days chosen for public executions by the Al-Qadja authorities; and at last, that appears to be Dr. Schweinfurth's experience, the African weather as far as it bears upon the judicial roasting of malefactors."

One great reason why the great work of reformation goes on so slowly, is because we all of us begin on our neighbors, and never reach ourselves.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., is given away in trial bottles free of cost to the patient. If you have a severe cold, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness or any ailment of the throat or lungs, by all means give this wonderful remedy a trial. As you value your existence you cannot afford to let this opportunity pass. We would not say that it would not give this remedy away unless we knew it would accomplish what we claim for it. Thousands of happy cases have already been completely cured by it. There is no medicine in the world that will cure one of the most common and dangerous diseases, the Lung, for sale at wholesale by Gray & Co., 100 Broadway, New York.

The Volcanic Electric Oil, a new discovery, will send your Electric-Volcanic Bells to rest in twenty or thirty days trial. See your advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days' Trial."

How can a case of nasal catarrh be cured by inhalation alone? It has been known to cure away the entire disease and often the most becoming scrofula, and has to be treated on the skin, and so any other scrofulous disease, and the only true way is through the blood. That the people of the West are fast finding out will be seen by the orders Noyes Bros. & Cutler are having for Dr. E. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier and Catarrh Inhalant.

Excellent reasons exist why Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, such as colds, catarrh, croup, whooping cough, etc., or external injuries. The reasons are that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied externally. Noyes Bros. & Cutler, wholesale agents, St. Paul, Minn.

After trying all other remedies for nasal catarrh, colds in the head, hay fever and neuralgia, call on St. Blackford, 146 West Third street, St. Paul, Minn., for a bottle of Dr. E. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier and a bottle of Halliday's Catarrh Inhalant, and if it does not benefit you more than anything you ever tried, return the empty bottles and get your money. That's business. Try it.

Are You Not In Good Health? If the liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in Dr. Sanford's Catarrh Remedy. This is a powerful medicine which acts directly on the liver. Cures all Bilious Disorders. For Book address Dr. Sanford, 102 Broadway, New York.

All delicate females use Reed's Gift Edge Tonic. "By Crane's" Patent Automatic Tension Liberator, and all latest improvements. The best Sewing Machine made. Agents wanted. Address Reed Sewing Machine Co., 256 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The best and purest medicine in the market is Reed's Gift Edge Tonic. Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beauty of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters—Telegraph.

of all descriptions are relieved at once, and speedily cured by Kidney-Wort. It seems indicated by nature for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys caused by weakness and debility. Its great tonic powers are especially directed to the removal of this class of disorders.—Press.

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER.

A Galvano Battery forming the most powerful remedial agent for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Sprains, Spinal Stiffness, Nervous Diseases, or Female Weakness, is sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Write to R. P. Hall, 102 Broadway, New York.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS. Who has not Read and Heard of it.

Note the Following

REED'S GIFT EDGE TONIC. For sale by all medicine dealers.



MUCH REMEDY FOR THE MOST COMMON AND DANGEROUS DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEY, AND BLADDER.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, CHEMISTS, AND WHOLESALE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

WRITE TO J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, Great International Biddell, Boston, Mass., for any book. List for sale.

One Price Clothing Store, Boston, Mass., largest Tailors, Furriers, and Hatters in the State.

We will send our Electric-Volcanic Bells and other Electric Appliances upon trial for 30 days to those afflicted with Nervous Debility and diseases of a general nature. Also of the Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, etc. Address: Volcanic Bell Co., Marshall, Mich.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE GREAT Kidney and Liver Medicine.

CURES ALL Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-retention of Urine; Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, Excesses, Gonorrhea, Rheumatism, Headache, Stomachic Disturbance, Constipation, etc.

HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

These great organs are the central organs of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they are diseased, all the organs of the body are sure to follow with disease.

TERrible SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine, or Rheumatic Pains and Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned and the organs that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

will restore the healthy action and all these terrible evils will be banished and you will live and be happy. This is a dry vegetable compound and one package makes six quarts of medicine. Your Druggists will sell you a bottle for 25 cents. It is a dry vegetable compound and one package makes six quarts of medicine. Your Druggists will sell you a bottle for 25 cents.

1842. J. I. CASE 1880. Threshing Machine Co., RACINE, WISCONSIN.

APRON! ECLIPSE! AGITATOR! Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

## RED RIVER VALLEY 2,000,000 Acres Wheat Lands

Best in the world, for sale by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to D. A. McKINLAY, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

Best Assorted Stock in the State. Full line of Brown and Sharp's Mechanic's Tools and Builders' Hardware.

Parties building out of town can have estimates made for complete bill of hardware, by sending plan or description, and will find it to their advantage to do so. Builders and Mechanics will find it to their advantage to call on us for a complete bill of hardware, by sending plan or description, and will find it to their advantage to do so.

\$25 GRAIN SPECULATION

USE NATIONAL YEAST

"BEATTY" OF WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, SELLS 14-STOP ORGANS

NATRONA Bi-Carb Soda

Penn's Salt Manuf'g Co., Phila

REVOLUTION! 14-STOP ORGANS

WELL AUGERS

Drills

Sore Ears, Catarrh

HAZARD GREASE

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

TERrible SUFFERING.

KIDNEY-WORT

APRON! ECLIPSE! AGITATOR!

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

Do you want the Popular ECLIPSE THRESHER? It's Ours Exclusively for 1880. Do you want the BEST AGITATOR THRESHER? That's our New 1880 Machine.

Wholesale Agents for United States, St. Paul, Minn.

Do you want the BEST APRON THRESHER? Buy our 1880 Eagle Machine.

## \$40 PER WEEK

MARVELOUS ORGUMENTO!

Wanted

FREE MUSIC

YOUNG MEN

THE "LITTLE DETECTIVE"

HAIR

THE KOKORAN

NEW HOME

PENSIONS

SAPONIFIER

COLEBROT'S STARCH

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

TRADE MARK

BEFORE TAKING

THE GREAT MEDICINE CO.

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers

Do you want to write to Advertisers



# W ADVERTISEMENTS

## RAVELLERS HOME.

Chaska, Minn.  
located between the Minneapolis & St. Paul and Hastings & Dakota Depots  
OWNER WALNUT AND FOURTH STS.  
BR MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
Boarding by Day or Week.  
A CLEAN BED AND SATIS-  
FACTION GUARANTEED.  
MIKE HERMAN, Prop.

## BENTON

### urniture Store!

Chaska, Minn.  
We constantly on hand all kinds of  
chairs  
bedsteads  
Bureaus  
Lounges  
Picture Frames  
Coffins, &c.  
and will sell them at city prices.  
Also  
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.  
Estimates furnished and all work  
promptly and satisfactorily. Store in  
Chaska old hardware store.

## BENTON

### General Merchandise

WACONIA, MINN.  
Goods at St. Paul and Minneapolis  
prices.  
Exchange for goods at CASH  
prices.

## BENTON

### General Merchandise

WACONIA, MINN.  
Goods at St. Paul and Minneapolis  
prices.  
Exchange for goods at CASH  
prices.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

## LAKE HOUSE,

### A. F. SCHULTZ,

WACONIA, MINN.  
Best accommodations for Travelers, Fish-  
ermen and Pleasure Seekers. The hotel is  
situated on the beautiful Clearwater  
Lake. Stable and water on the premises.

# LOCAL NEWS.

## Minneapolis & St. Louis

TIME CARD NO. 38.  
Taking effect May 30th 1880.  
Trains going South

Passenger (Merriam Junction)	8.30 a. m.
Local Freight	8.40 a. m.
St. Louis Passenger	4.55 p. m.
Through Freight	10.05 p. m.
Going North.	
St. Louis Passenger	9.40 a. m.
Local Freight	3.00 p. m.
Passenger (Merriam Junction)	5.45 p. m.
Through Freight	11.55 p. m.

S. W. LUSK, Agent.

## Chicago Milwaukee &

St. Paul Ry.  
H & D Div.  
TIME TABLE NO. 55.

Trains going East.	
Freight	1.30 a. m.
Mixed	8.20 a. m.
Express	2.35 p. m.
Freight	3.40 p. m.
Freight	11.10 p. m.
Trains going West.	
Freight	2.10 a. m.
Passenger	10.20 a. m.
Freight	1.35 p. m.
Mixed	6.25 p. m.
Freight	11.50 p. m.

FRED GREINER, Jr. Agent.

## Here and There.

Jehu! how hot!!  
Splendid weather for crops.  
Corn is "jumping" now a days.  
Good weather for our brick makers.  
4th of July will be along in a few days.  
Wm. Lempe, is re-building his mill dam.  
The river is fast going down to its usual  
stage.

Paul Bierline has rented Henk & Bier-  
line's Mill.  
The new Catholic school building is  
looming up fast.  
Our village was "crum full" of railroad  
men all the week.  
"Sewing machines" for sale at bottom  
figures by Mix and Du Toit, Norwood.  
Several new bridges have been built by  
the town of Chaska since the recent storm.

F. L. Balch of Minneapolis, was in town  
on Tuesday on his way to Big Stone Lake.  
The first story of the Catholic school  
building is up and makes an imposing ap-  
pearance.

The new bridge near Karchers' brewery  
is completed, and Mr. Kitzman the builder  
has done a good job.  
The late storms inflicted over \$1,500  
damages on the town of Chaska. The  
Carver bridge will cost upwards of \$800.

Henry Degen's "Summer Garden" con-  
cert was well attended last Sunday. At  
least so we are informed, not being pres-  
ent.

Mr. Notermann, of Chanhassen, father  
of Arnold Notermann, was buried last Sun-  
day, at Victoria. He was upwards of 80  
years of age.

Dr. E. H. Lewis returned from Crook-  
ston on Wednesday where he has been on  
attendance as a medical expert on the tri-  
al of Alex. Gillen.

Rev. Mr. Gerdson, occupied the pulpit  
at the Moravian Church on last Sabbath  
evening, preaching a very interesting ser-  
mon. Rev. Mr. Oster being absent in  
Wisconsin attending conference.

A young son of Anton Simon, of Chan-  
hassen, was married to a young daughter  
of Alexander Rachel, by Rev. Father Cle-  
mentinus, at the Catholic Church in Cha-  
ska on Tuesday last. We extend our con-  
gratulations.

Geo. Ehrmantraut, one of the old Hra-  
no "Sals", has taken charge of the busi-  
ness formerly run by his father, and has  
fixed up the old "River Jack" place in  
first-class style. He has had some very  
fine graining done, and has re-papered the  
saloon with a magnificent design of paper,  
so that it now is one of the neatest saloons  
in the Valley. Geo. always keeps St.  
Paul beer, and the best of wines and cigars.  
Give him a call if you want something  
good.

Our young friend Billy Byhoffer,  
was rendered extremely happy last week,  
by the addition to his family of a young  
patriot, named William Tell. Billy "set  
'em up" like a little man.

Comar. Lita, invites bids in another  
column for building steps and platform  
in front of Court House. Read the notice.

Court House Saloon.  
Wm. Byhoffer, is fixing up the old "set-  
tlers home" saloon, opposite the Court  
House, in first class style. He keeps the  
best of beer, liquors and cigars.  
and will always endeavor to please his  
customers. Try him.

New Furniture.  
Burkhart Bros. of this city have just  
received a large invoice of new and elegant  
furniture, which they say, they can sell  
cheaper than ever. Call at their saleroom  
and examine their stock and prices.

New Livery Stable.  
Jerrie Elman, Esq. has established a  
first class livery stable in this city. He  
has purchased a number of first class car-  
riages and is now ready to meet any de-  
mand that may be made upon him. His  
stable is situated opposite the H. & D.  
Depot. Rigs for fishing or picnic parties  
furnished at a moments notice at reason-  
able rates.

# BALLOON ASCENSION.

On the Evenings of the 3d and 4th.  
Mr. G. Eder, our enterprising Fruit and  
Candy dealer, is making arrangements to  
celebrate the Fourth on a large scale this  
year. The front of his store, and his ele-  
gant Ice Cream parlors will be beautifully  
decorated with bannars and evergreens,  
and everything that can be done will be  
done to make the occasion an enjoyable  
one. He will have on hand, for all who  
wish it, Ice Cream, Lemonade, Candies and  
Fruits of all kinds.

On the evenings of  
THE THIRD AND FOURTH  
a magnificent spectacle will be seen in the  
ascension of two large balloons which are  
15 ft. wide and 20 ft. high. These balloons  
have been purchased by Mr. Eder at a  
large expense, and the ascension will be  
a treat to all those who have the good for-  
tune to witness it. The ascension will  
take place about 8 o'clock in the evening.  
People in the adjacent towns of Shakopee  
and Carver take notice as they will be il-  
luminated and can be seen for many miles.

New Brick Building.  
We are informed by the trustees of the  
Catholic Church Congregation, that a  
large new brick parsonage will be erected  
on the east side of the present building as  
soon as the brick work on the new school  
house is completed. The building will be  
32 x 50, two story with brick basement.  
The brick are already purchased and  
Mr. Grates will do the brick work by the  
day.

Improving.  
Mr. Henry Aspden, of Chanhassen, is  
slowly but steadily improving and will  
soon be able to get out of bed.  
Mrs. Powers, of Chanhassen, is also im-  
proving, and will soon be over her acci-  
dent.

M. Simonsch.  
We again call the attention of our read-  
ers to the advertisement of M. Simonitsch,  
Norwood, in this issue of the HERALD—  
Mr. S. is one of the real live merchants of  
the county and will not be undersold by  
anybody. He buys everything the farm-  
ers have to sell, call and see.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

## NEW Livery Stable,

JERRY EHEMAN, Prop.

FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGES FURNISHED  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Will also attend to Auctions in  
all Parts of the County, at Reasonable  
Rates.

JERRY EHEMAN,  
Chaska, Minn.

# CATTLE FAIR.

The next monthly cattle fair, will be  
held at Chaska, Saturday, June 26. As-  
surances have been received that a host  
of buyers will be in town on that day and  
that stock of all kind will be in great de-  
mand, and consequently will command  
good prices. Remember the day and be  
sure and attend the Chaska Fair.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

# REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

There will be a convention of the Republicans  
of the County of Carver held in the village of  
Waconia on Wednesday June 30th 1880 at 12  
o'clock M. for the purpose of electing five dele-  
gates to attend the Republican District Con-  
gressional Convention to be held in Farming-  
ton Minn July 8th 1880 and for such other  
business as may properly come before the con-  
vention.

The several towns will be entitled to delegates  
as follows:

Denton	3	Chanhassen	2
Chaska	3	Carver	5
Camden	6	Dahlgreen	4
Hancock	1	Hollywood	2
Laketown	3	San Francisco	3
Waconia	6	Watertown	9
Young America	7		
		H. R. DENNY, Chasm.	

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.  
Highest prices paid for Butter and  
Eggs.

## NEW STORE

Kronschnebel & Sheahan.

We will keep constantly  
on hand a full line of  
General Merchandise  
CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods  
Groceries  
Boots & Shoes  
Hats & Caps  
Grocery  
Hard Ware  
—AND—  
Ready Made Clothing.

We buy our goods in the Eastern  
Markets, and are therefore prepared to  
sell the same at  
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS PRICES.<